

ASIAN STUDIES INQUIRY PROGRAM

Modernization in Japan



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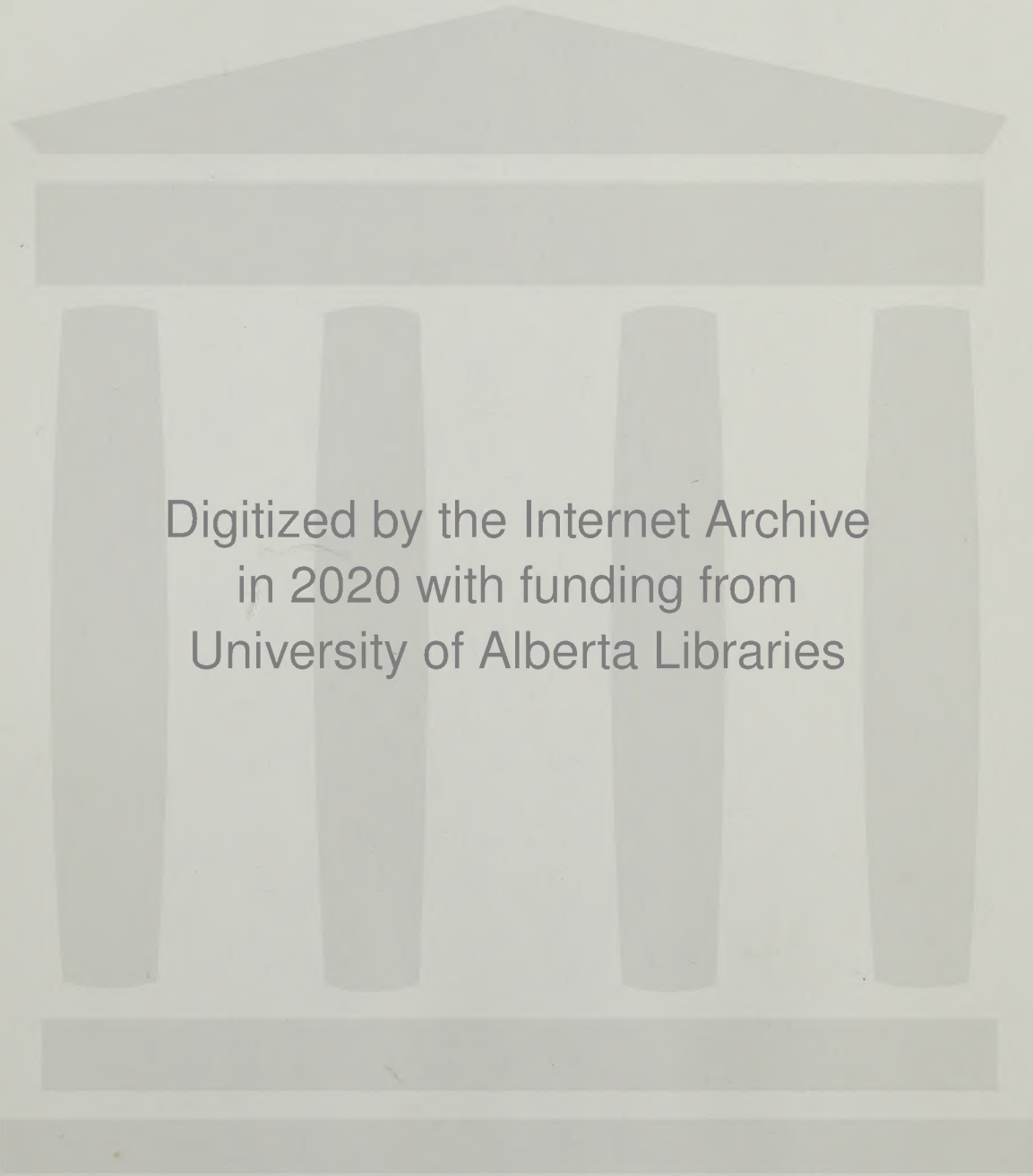
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Like their counterparts in Western countries, young Japanese admire speedy motorcycles and cars.

Japan, one of the most technologically advanced nations of the world, has evolved from an agricultural to an industrial economy probably more quickly than any nation in history. This industrial leader of Asia has condensed into three or four decades that which has taken some countries centuries to accomplish. As Japan's industry has grown, and as the people have migrated to the cities, many of the rural ways of living have been given up for the "new ways." The 12 million people of Toyko well symbolize the new Japan. This city grows by 300,000 people each year; has 57,000 factories; 39,000 restaurants; 21 newspapers; 1,800,000 students; 36,000 police; and more than 50 universities and colleges. Each day the residents of Tokyo consume 6 million pounds of rice and 3.5 million pounds of fish; buy 6 million train tickets, some for trains which travel at 160 miles per hour; start 25 fires; and commit 650 crimes. One market alone, the Tsukiji, covering 50 acres, sells 2,000 tons of fish and 700 tons of vegetables each day to more than 100,000 customers. In

Tokyo, where each person has an average of 6 square yards of living space, land in the central section sells for \$18 million per acre, twice the amount required for a choice acre in Manhattan, and three times the charge for comparable land in San Francisco. Even property one and a half hours commuting distance from downtown Toyko costs \$38,000 per acre. Three-bedroom apartments renting for \$250 a month in the United States would rent for \$500 to \$2,000 outside of Tokyo.

Most of the selections which you are about to read portray individuals facing the challenges of everyday living. These portraits or biographical sketches are arranged into three sections, each offering a unique view of a particular group of the modern Japanese facing the demands of urban society. The selections should raise important questions such as: What is the effect of modernization on the Japanese, who until a relatively short time ago were a rural people? What will be the impact of such modernization in the future. What is progress?

People at Work in Urban Japan

This section describes and illuminates some of the characteristic patterns of living in the modern cities of Japan. The selections focus on different kinds of individuals who are very much a part of modern industrial Japan and allow you to look in on their daily routines, ideas, and hopes.

Reading one portrays Japan's leading industrialist, who possibly has had a more important role in the modernization of Japan than any other person. Reading two concerns another capitalist, a smaller one, who has rather limited funds with which to run his family grocery store. Reading three shifts from owners to wage earners by portraying a young, middle-class company man who aspires to become an important executive. He and his wife not only have to cope with the problems associated with achieving business success, but they also have to adjust to the demands of high-pressure urban living. Reading four describes an industrial worker who has more responsibility than the average manual laborer, but does not possess the highly developed skills or technical knowledge required of the professional employee.

Although these four readings are primarily intended to present a picture of the urban Japanese following his industrial vocations, they also provide material for you to begin your study of the impact of modernization on the people of Japan.





Konosuke Matsushita, Industrialist

The modernization of Japan has been accelerated by the actions of an ever-growing number of industrialists. Men such as Takayanagi, Ishida, and Shoriki, with their intense drive and ambition have helped create some of the world's most important corporations. The capitalistic empires they have so quickly developed reach down in one way or another into the lives of most urban Japanese.

The following article provides a glimpse of Japan's best known and most powerful industrialist, Konosuke Matsushita.

In 1905 Konosuke Matsushita worked in a tiny Osaka shop, polishing porcelain all day and at night crying himself to sleep on the shop floor. He was 11 years old. His father, once a farmer and landowner, had lost the family's home and savings. His two older brothers and sister had died. He had been forced to quit school, leave home and get a job.

Then things grew even worse. His father died and his employer went out of business, apprenticing the boy to a bicycle shop.

Six years later, he was still struggling in the bicycle shop and living mostly on pickles when—he recalls today—"a wild idea hit me. It was ridiculous." The ridiculous idea involved violating one of Japan's most ancient social ordinances: a worker must never leave his first employer, and an employer must never lay off a worker. But

electricity had come to Japan. Matsushita saw far more of a future in electricity than in bicycles. He took the big step which made him Japan's first [Horatio] Alger hero, the first man to start from absolutely destitute beginnings and achieve great wealth and influence.

He left the bike shop and went to work for an electric power company. In a few years he was in business for himself, making light plugs almost no one wanted to buy. His shop was the dirt floor of the one-room shack he slept in. He was so poor that when he first met his fiancée—the engagement was arranged through intermediaries—he could not even take her to a movie, as was the custom, but had to settle for a brief glimpse of her in front of the theater. After his marriage, life became so hard he was forced to pawn her kimono.

[†] James Mills, "Meet Mr. Matsushita," *Life*, Vol. LVII (September 11, 1964).

The kimono might have stayed in hock had Matsushita not had an idea for an electric bicycle lamp—and for a revolutionary marketing technique to sell it. When dealers, smarting from the failure of an earlier model that kept burning out after only three hours, refused to buy his lamp, Matsushita tried a bit of unprecedented salesmanship. He distributed the lamps on consignment and left one turned on in each shop to prove it would last for at least 30 hours. Bicyclists, who until then had been lighting their way with wax candles, ordered the new lamps faster than Matsushita could turn them out.

With the money he earned from the lamps—which he still makes—he branched rapidly into other products. He began making electric heaters in 1927, foot warmers in 1930, radios a year later. He built one factory after another. Today, besides his mammoth electrical business, Matsushita owns or controls 51 companies dealing in everything from restaurants and hotels to travel agencies, securities, mining and advertising.

Much of Matsushita's success results from his uncanny sense of what will sell. Walking through his radio factory last year he noticed a small transistor table radio with a cigarette container in the top. It looked like a good idea, he remarked, and must be selling well. Not at all, replied the plant manager, it was the biggest flop they had ever had. Surprised, Matsushita told the man to redesign the case and cut the price in half. The manager was appalled, arguing that they could not possibly sell enough of the radios to be able to halve the cost. Matsushita's soft voice rose almost imperceptibly as he admonished the manager for his lack of faith. "Plan on selling a

million of them," he said. "If they do not sell, I personally will buy whatever remains." The radios were produced, sold half a million in the first six months and became the fastest-selling item in Matsushita's entire radio line.

Although Matsushita would have been moderately successful under almost any conditions, he credits his Midas touch to his policy of concentrating not on making profits but on producing things people really need and cannot get cheaply enough anywhere else. He says he was first struck by this forget-the-profit idea 40 years ago when he was bicycling through Osaka on a hot summer day. "I saw a beggar drinking from a tap and I thought how extraordinary that is. The water is a product like anything else—it has been processed and transported—yet the beggar takes it without paying and no one arrests him. Everything should be produced in such abundance that its presence is taken for granted."

A few years later another event shaped this idea into company policy. Visiting the headquarters of a religious sect near Kyoto, Matsushita was astonished to find it overflowing with wealth. This was in the midst of the worldwide business depression and industry was collapsing all over Japan. Yet the sect was loaded down with gifts and money from believers. "I thought very hard about this on the train back to Osaka," Matsushita recalls. "I reasoned that this religion is wealthy, while industry is failing, because it demands nothing of the believers. It gives them solace and happiness but fixes no price and does not concern itself with profit. People give to it out of thankfulness. I saw that religion and business are like two wheels of a carriage—

both must do their job to help the people. Religion must make people happy spiritually, business must make them happy materially. Business must supply prosperity and abundance—not just make money.”

When he got back to the factory he called his employees together and read them a declaration promising that henceforth the goal of the company would be the prosperity of mankind. He established seven company creeds (e.g., “Our mission shall be the solace of humanity,” “We will humble ourselves before the problems of others, so that they may grow strong”). They are still recited every day by every employee and the declaration is read once a year at a celebration commemorating the company’s founding.

Matsushita has now expanded his business ideas into a general philosophy he calls PHP—Peace and Happiness through Prosperity. “Life is like music,” he explains, “but no one really knows the score for a perfect life. We strike notes at random and the music is harsh. We must learn how to play the music, how to live our lives beautifully.” Writing a score for the perfect life may take thousands of years, admits Matsushita, but he has begun. Several days a week he visits the PHP institute he has set up in Kyoto, meditating in the garden and talking with young disciples. Eventually, Matsushita hopes, PHP will distill all thought into a quintessence of truth—an instruction sheet on how to live peacefully, happily and prosperously.

Matsushita’s strange blend of business and philosophy has produced effects surprising to a Western eye. Squat little signs on his factory lawns do not say “Keep off the grass,” but “Let’s love the lawn.” Assembly-line workers are never out of sight

of a vase of flowers, or more than a few hundred feet from a garden. Loudspeakers in the factories mix traditional Japanese folk songs with *Rock Around the Clock*.

Matsushita himself is an enigmatic mixture of East and West. One moment he is in Western clothes inspecting a new production line as modern as any in America, the next he is in a kimono meditating among the nightingales at PHP. He has introduced automation even to his shoes, which custom requires him to remove before entering a house. His have false laces with snaps hidden underneath that unfasten quickly, allowing him to get inside while others are still fumbling with their laces at the door.

Though Matsushita has imported huge hunks of Western technology, in many ways he remains aloof. He cannot drive an automobile, and although he makes more TV sets than almost any other man alive he rarely watches it himself. He much prefers the Oriental bow to the Western handshake and the visitor who does shake his hand finds it soft and uncertain—as if Matsushita were indulging a popular custom he still finds slightly disagreeable.

His home is filled with modern Scandinavian furniture, but he sleeps on a Japanese *futon*¹ in a room carpeted with straw *tatami*² mats. His living room is decorated with Western art, but connected with it is an ornate gilded Buddhist temple.

Matsushita’s most un-Western cut of all is his attitude toward taxes. He pays more—77% of his income—than any other Japanese, but accepts this unpleasantness philosophically. “When the mountains are high,” he explains, “the valleys must be deep.”

1. Cushion.

2. Straw matting.

Majime Akinai, Shop Owner

Although not as successful in the world of business and finance as Konosuke Matsushita, the ordinary shop owner of urban Japan is just as much a capitalist. Instead of living in luxury, the little businessman very likely lives in the back of his store; and instead of having a great number of salaried employees, he has the members of his family for help.

The following reading, which portrays the daily life of a grocer, has been taken from a study by David Plath, an anthropologist interested in the human meaning of industrialization.

The store is small, and crowded with goods: tables piled with fresh fruit and vegetables, shelves of canned goods, candy and crackers in glass jars, a foot-square ice-cream freezer at the street's edge. One has to slip sideways to reach the back. Here on the right are kitchen and toilet, with a steep narrow ladder leading to the second story and its two eight-mat rooms. On the left downstairs are a six-mat sitting room, and a six-mat room where the cashbox and records are kept, where Mr. Akinai and his wife rest when no customers are in the shop, and where the family takes its meals.

The latter room is cluttered with newspapers, boxes of unshelved goods, and bundles of bills. It bears the marks of heavy wear. But in the sitting room, further from the store, the mats are new and

crisp. In one corner is a television set, covered with a heavy cloth, in another corner a table holding a glass fishtank with seven goldfish. There is a rather conventional mountains-and-water painting in the alcove, with a potted plant in front of it. The two chests against the wall are matched and modern, with recessed drawer pulls and a limed-oak finish. Over them hangs a framed color photograph of the Crown Prince and Princess Michiko in their formal wedding robes.

"There's room enough in this house," says Mrs. Akinai, pouring glasses of orange soda for the visitor and for her husband, who arises from his afternoon nap in the front room. She pours a shotglass full for the youngest son, then warns him that if he doesn't quit slurping it he'll get a belly-

† David W. Plath, *The After Hours: Modern Japan and The Search For Enjoyment* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1964).

ache. "But the space is badly organized. Someday we may rebuild with an eye to convenience."

Mr. Akinai has been in business here for thirteen years. As younger son of an Anchiku landlord and politician he had been sent first to agricultural high school and later, at his own urging, to a Tokyo commercial high school. Soon after graduation he enlisted in the army, and spent most of his three years in Manchuria and North China. Upon discharge he became a clerk in a Matsumoto tool works, but he was recalled during the Pacific War. After the war he worked as clerk in a large paper wholesale firm. But in two years he found himself weary of petty office routines and decided to enter business himself.

"It's nice to be a company man, wear a suit, and have social security. But I had my fill of being pushed around in the army. Business is more of a challenge; you have to have the heart to calmly watch a box of fruit stand unsold for several days until it rots."

With other Matsumoto grocers, he closes his shop on the "sixes" of the month, the 6th, 16th, and 26th days. (The pattern can be traced to the Tokugawa period.) Almost every other day of the year—New Year's Day is the notable exception—he is away by 7:30 each morning to place his orders at the city wholesale produce market and with his other suppliers. He is back by 11:00 A.M., when the goods arrive, and he spends an hour or so preparing them for display. He lunches, naps, and lounges until after 4:00 P.M. when the evening rush brings in the heaviest trade of the day.

Business drops off after seven. He has a few cups of sake¹ before dinner, and some-

times is joined by his wife. After dinner he goes to the public bath, watches TV, deals with the straggle of late customers, and reads his newspapers. He subscribes regularly to four: a Tokyo daily and a Matsumoto daily, a national business daily and a sports sheet.

The routine is compelling but not without its conveniences. He cannot afford to neglect his daily buying and selling. But, apart from the hectic days just before festivals and holidays, he almost always can find free moments and even free afternoons. He estimates that he reads his newspapers for a total of two hours a day, although rarely for more than half an hour at any one time. And he can fairly easily arrange a few hours to go see a high school baseball game or visit his parents in the country. He does not often travel outside of Anchiku, although he wishes he could. But he does join every year in a three-day sight-seeing tour sponsored by the members of the wholesale produce market, who all close shop for the occasion. And two or three times a year the whole family goes for a day's outing in Anchiku.

The enterprise is simple enough to require only an ordinary daily recording of income and outgo. It is stable enough to provide the Akinai family with a comfortable, if by no means sumptuous, standard of living. "We usually figure twelve or thirteen thousand yen² a month for living expenses. But of course we can eat at wholesale, and every so often we feel obliged to eat up something that otherwise would just spoil. Anyway, we aren't in debt. There was enough in savings to pay for repairing typhoon damage to the roof last year without needing to take out a

1. Rice wine.

2. The 1969 exchange rate was \$2.80 for 1000 yen.

loan. I get along with credit from the brokers and the wholesalers. I have to pay the wholesalers the first and fifteenth of the month, and the brokers every other day. I know I could be making a good deal more if I rushed around, but why wear yourself out?"

Mr. Akinai conducts most of the sales himself. He says that an average day yields about one hundred transactions. One third of these are with steady customers, mainly from Eitai Machi. Another third are with occasional customers, and the remainder with irregulars and passers-by. About a dozen families have continued to buy from him regularly ever since he opened the shop.

The son began to sing the theme song for "Colt 45" but was shushed by his mother.

Like many merchant wives, Mrs. Akinai (under her husband's surveillance) is bookkeeper. She posts the daily figures, works out monthly balances, deposits savings, pays insurance installments, and hands out allowances to the older children. "We follow the standards set by the school and the PTA, but this doesn't really fit our case. Our children can walk into the shop anytime and help themselves to things other children have to pay for." She tends the shop when her husband is away, and she helps him when customers congregate, but the burden of labor is upon him. "I'm not a good business woman," she says. "I find it hard to take when some of these small-hearted wives begin to complain that somebody six blocks away is selling melons for two yen cheaper. Or people who don't take the time to read price tags carefully, then gripe because maybe you are pricing by weight instead of by piece. However,

they've been getting better in recent years. Ten years ago even some of the regular customers would go elsewhere because of a two yen difference."

Like most merchant wives, she arises in the morning to remove the shutters and start breakfast before the rest of the family awakes. The daughter helps her clean the living rooms; the older son helps his father sweep out the shop. Trade is slow on the usual morning—a dozen sales or so—so that after the older children have left for school and her husband for the market, Mrs. Akinai takes up her daily washing and household chores. Afternoons she usually watches the shop while her husband naps, but she can easily arrange an hour or two to visit friends or to go shopping. And once or twice a month, when the mood strikes her, she may go to a movie. (Her youngest son, of course, accompanies her on all these outings.)

Evenings after bathing, bedding down the youngest son, washing the dishes, she does her daily bookkeeping. After that she watches TV (is fond of quiz shows such as "My Secret" or comedies such as "I Love Lucy"), checks the children's homework, or sews. Occasionally she goes out to a Labor Chorus concert, occasionally to a meeting of the Eitai Machi Women's Club.

The children do their homework in one of the upstairs rooms, when not watching television. Mr. and Mrs. Akinai expect the children to go to high school under any circumstances, but probably not to college, unless government aid becomes available. Mr. Akinai is not encouraging his son to learn the business, and says he would prefer it if the boy becomes a company man.

Jiro and Aki, Middle-Class Strivers

Unlike the owner of an electronics firm or a grocery store, the salaried employee can rather accurately estimate his standard of living for the immediate future. The monthly or weekly wage is extremely important in determining where and how he lives.

Edward Norbeck, an anthropologist, presents a composite portrait of a newly married white-collar employee and his wife.

Two months after their marriage Jiro and Aki moved into the new quarters, a two-story building of ferro-concrete painted coral and blue. Their apartment, on the second floor, had two rooms, one nine feet by eleven feet and the other six feet by nine feet, a Western toilet that made Jiro feel ill at ease for many weeks, and a Japanese bath. Entry was from an ironrailed balcony leading directly into a room floored with vinyl tile, which served as living room, kitchen, and dining room. Principal items of furniture were two basket chairs covered with tufted blue fabric, a small sofa, a lone table, and a lamp with a fluted shade. Aligned against one wall of the room was the kitchen equipment, consisting of a prefabricated unit of cupboards, drainboard, and stainless steel sink; a tiny refrigerator with a door recessed to hold bottles and four eggs; and a two-burner gas plate. Separated from the main room by sliding glass-

paned doors was the bedroom, floored with reed matting in traditional style and completely devoid of furniture. The bathroom was unbelievably tiny, but they shared it with no one. All was new and shiny.

Settling down to life in their own apartment was a pleasure. Aki's knowledge of cooking stood her in good stead, and Jiro ate with evident enjoyment any food she served, Japanese or Western. Shopping was no problem. Staples were readily at hand at the old-fashioned market stalls in the nearby shopping arcade. Each tiny shop had its own specialty so that buying household foods and supplies took time; but the shopkeepers, in the old way, extended a smilingly courteous welcome that made marketing pleasant. When she was in a hurry there was always the supermarket, where the whole array of foods and household needs was assembled in a way that made shopping efficient if coldly imper-

† Edward Norbeck, *Changing Japan* (New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, Inc., 1965).

sonal. They lacked a telephone which required an initial deposit far too high for them to afford, but there were many public telephones nearby and Jiro could be reached at his office.

Their first months of married life were those of a dating couple. Jiro commuted to work by electric car and subway, a trip that took an average of seventy minutes one way. After his work was finished they often met in Osaka to eat something together, see a movie, or visit an exhibition, pleasures of which Jiro had not yet tired and in which Aki was his willing companion.

To Jiro's surprise Aki often expressed sympathetic concern for his having to commute with the crowds during the rush hours. Everyone talked about the terrible congestion, of course, and one did have to be alert to avoid being crushed. There were also pickpockets to guard against. People sometimes fell in the pushing crowds in Osaka, and now and then a young woman tried to move away from the man next to her or accused him aloud of being evil. Even Jiro had to admit that the subway trip from Umeda to Namba in Osaka could be trying. People groaned, moaned, and gasped for breath under the pressure of the bodies of their fellows. In the winter, when people wore heavy suits and coats, the cries of pain were common; but the companies and offices were staggering the working hours to lighten the crush. All in all, however, Jiro enjoyed the feeling of being part of the great, busy crowd.

When they returned to their apartment late at night, the trains were uncrowded but they always contained some drunken men, sprawling about on the seats and sometimes vomiting on the floors and station platforms. The worst times were

the month of December, when bonuses were paid, and much of the following month, when normal activities of the whole nation slowed to a snail's pace in celebration of New Year's. Then the late-hour drunks were a public scandal that Jiro and Aki, along with much of the rest of the nation, looked upon with distaste and disapproval as one of the inevitable but minor irritations of life.

Jiro and Aki faced a domestic problem, but of this Jiro was kept ignorant for a time. Aki quickly realized that their apartment was beyond their income, most of which was intrusted to her. Unwilling for at least a little longer to confront her husband with the unpleasant news, she had talked with her mother. Mrs. Kodama willingly supplied Aki with small funds, a few thousand yen each time they met, drawing the money from the secret hoard that she called her sleeve money. In the sixth month of marriage Aki learned that she was pregnant, a discovery that pleased her but also, because of their financial state, made her worry. A conference with her mother brought the ready promise of additional funds from time to time from the sleeve money and the assurance that father would, if necessary, supply more. This was not what Aki wanted, and it was not a way for her husband to win the approbation that he would need later. She made up her mind that they must find a cheaper apartment in order to retain their independence.

A talk with Jiro revealed to him their circumstances, and he was willing to follow her suggestion. They had saved no money in the brief time since their marriage, he knew, but he had not known of the overspending. The birth of the child would automatically raise Jiro's salary slightly,

but not enough for them to maintain themselves in the present apartment. A discouraging hunt for cheaper quarters followed, and then chance came to the rescue. Aki again entered the lottery for public *danchi*¹ housing in Nigawa and this time won. As quickly as they could disentangle themselves from their obligations, they moved to the smaller and inferior, but much less expensive, apartment.

Life in the *Danchi*

Life in the *danchi* bothered Jiro not at all and caused Aki no serious discomfort. The clustered ferro-concrete buildings were large, multistoreyed, had no elevators, and looked forbidding. But they were respectable residences and within them a spirit of cheerfulness prevailed. Moreover, the Nigawa *danchi* was not one of the sprawling giants that sheltered tens of thousands of families like colonies of identical bees that rose at sunup to buzz and fly in identical ways and, as if by signal, at night became identically inert. Many of the families who shared the Nigawa *danchi* were like Jiro and Aki. The men were often college graduates, business and professional people, and some of the wives also held college degrees. Like Jiro and Aki they looked upon the *danchi* as temporary perches on the flight to finer homes. The *danchi* residents, as everyone who lived in them knew, were the people of tomorrow, the new and rising middle class of Japan. The young, it was said, found life in the housing developments tolerable or even pleasant.

Two months after they moved into the *danchi*, Aki gave birth to their daughter

Emi. By this time she had made friends with several neighbors, pregnant like herself or the mothers of young children. The birth, in a hospital, had been untroubled, and Jiro had shown no disappointment that their child was a daughter. They both hoped to have one more child, preferably a son but a daughter would also be welcome. The child was normal and healthy, but it was soon clear that Aki could not provide all the nourishment the infant required. At their doctor's recommendation, bottles, nipples, and a sterilizer were purchased, and Emi became one of several dozen infants in the *danchi* living on a supplementary diet.

Domestic finance was considerably aided by gifts for the baby from Aki's parents and other relatives. Jiro's parents sent a brilliantly colored infant's *kimono*, in country style which was placed in a drawer and never worn. Recreation for Jiro and Aki now consisted of television turned down to a whisper, books and magazines, occasional chats with neighbors, visits with the relatives, and enjoyment of the baby. Jiro sometimes helped with the housework and felt no loss of masculinity for doing so.

Aki had never visited Takashima and Jiro had not been there for several years. When Jiro's parents expressed a wish to see their new grandchild, Aki said that it was their duty to take the child to Takashima and added, honestly enough, that she would like to make the trip. The visit was brief and none too comfortable. Aki and Emi were well received, and Aki in her usual way was friendly and gracious. But there was an atmosphere of reserve that was especially evident when they met Jiro's more distant relatives and former neighbors. Beyond greetings, expressed in the

1. Community housing project for low-income classes.

vocabulary of country courtesy, those outside Jiro's family had found nothing to say to the visitors. The trip was Aki's first close contact with country people other than acquaintance with various maids from the country in the employ of her family and the families of friends. Like most urban Japanese she had thought of rural residents as people apart. She found the scenery beautiful, the houses and farm plots picturesque, the food coarse, and the people quaint and timid but worthy. Jiro's ideas had become much the same, and both returned to Osaka with the secret feeling of a duty performed.

Marriage and fatherhood brought no neglect by Jiro of his duties at Asahi. His salary was coming along, and men in authority addressed him in ways that showed regard. Within the large organization there were many internecine jealousies, of which he was as yet less fully aware than others. For this reason he could honestly treat with open pleasantness even those who might look upon him with jealousy. It had become clear since the time of his marriage that he was being watched with special attention and that his prospects for advancement were good. The affability and pliancy that had been his traits all through life were assets. He was appraised by those above him as a man who knew all the rules and caused no discord, a man intensely loyal to the interests of the department and firm, one who could be implicitly trusted to carry out orders efficiently, and one who, when so requested, could direct the completion of tasks by others without causing friction. As an approver with intelligence, ability, a prepossessing appearance, and ties with well-placed officials, there was a good place for him.

In Tokyo

When Emi was nearly two years old, Jiro was taken one day by Mr. Kodama, his department chairman and now his uncle, to the office of one of Asahi's two executive directors, where he was informed that he would have new duties that brought a substantial promotion. The new post required that he and his family move to Tokyo, but his salary would be adjusted to compensate for the higher cost of living there. As they left the director's office, Mr. Kodama explained that it made for better relations in the firm if people who received such substantial promotions were moved to different offices, at least for a time. Dazed by his good fortune, Jiro brought the news home to Aki, who took it with composure and began immediately to make plans for moving to Tokyo.

Asahi Industries had begun in Osaka and remained an Osaka firm. Like other large industries of Japan, it maintained important offices in Tokyo. Like the heads of various other large Osaka firms, Asahi's president found it useful to spend most of his time in Tokyo, close to the heads of the other large industries of the nation and close to the offices of the national government. When Jiro arrived in Tokyo he was informed that the president would see him. Ushered into his presence for a brief word of welcome, Jiro knew that he had received a stamp of approval.

Tokyo is very much to Jiro's liking. Their apartment, resembling the one they had briefly occupied in Nishinomiya, is far more expensive, but they can now afford it. The immediate neighborhood is good, but they must take care after dark. To avoid the possibility of trouble from

juvenile delinquents or members of gangs of adult criminals who occasionally drift into the area at night, it is best to ride by taxi from the electric train station to the apartment after eight o'clock. These are ordinary precautions that women in particular should be careful to take.

With Aki's sympathy Jiro still rides public vehicles to and from work, in crowds still denser than in Osaka. As before, they hold no terror for him. Tokyo is quite as exciting as he had remembered it from their honeymoon. Well received by associates at Asahi, Jiro quickly felt himself a part of the group. Even lunch, with friendly companions, is an adventure. Work at the office and home life at night do not allow much time for exploration of Tokyo, but it is pleasant to know that the riches of the city are available. Skiing has been forsaken as a pastime of his carefree youth, but he has kept his skiing equipment and sometimes feels pangs of nostalgia when he sees the long queues of youthful skiers at the railroad stations. Jiro and Aki have become acquainted with their neighbors to the point of exchanging cordial greetings, but they have so far declined to join the Neighborhood Association. Jiro's ties are with Asahi, which, together with his family, provide all the companionship he needs.

Aki's view of Tokyo is less enthusiastic than Jiro's, but she knows the move is right for their future. The air, even dirtier than in Osaka and foul as compared with that of Nishinomiya, begrimes clothes in a few hours, and travel about the city by public transportation is uncomfortable and exhausting. The needs of daily life may all be purchased in the immediate neighborhood of the apartment, however, and there is little reason for Aki to travel.

Social life is satisfactory, if, so far, less active than in Osaka. Aki has an uncle in Tokyo, whom they sometimes visit, and there are other social affairs in connection with Jiro's work. Now and then, in the company of her aunt, Aki attends concerts, lectures, or fashion shows of clothing by the famous French and Italian couturiers. The clothes are beyond her means but nonetheless enjoyable to see.

Aki is biding her time. Her hopes are for a home of their own, in Tokyo if necessary but preferably near Osaka. There is no hope of their owning a house near the heart of Tokyo, where the cost of real estate is fantastic. A century of Jiro's present salary would be required to buy a house like that of her parents in Nishinomiya. On the far outskirts of the city, hours by train, they may buy a house for the equivalent of only five or six years of his earnings, a small, new house set out in the middle of farmers' fields or in a development with many similar houses. One of these will do, but Aki's heart is back at home. She does not doubt that they will return to Osaka, and she is confident that Jiro will rise to a position that will provide them comfort and a home of their own in the suburbs of Osaka, perhaps even in Ashiya, the finest place in all Japan. These are matters in which she can help.

Takeshi Yoshida, Industrial Worker

The demands and rewards of industrial work greatly affect the employee's complete life. Where the worker lives, what kind of food he eats, what kind of transportation he uses, and what luxuries he gathers around himself are obviously influenced by the amount of his paycheck. What is the impact of the industrial way of life on the blue-collar worker who a few years ago would have been a farmer? The following description of an industrial employee should provide insights helpful in answering this question.

Takeshi Yoshida, 40 years of age, is the plant supervisor of a relatively small petrochemical factory located in Otake City, Hiroshima, facing the western extremity of the Inland Sea.

On a March morning it is still cold at 7:30 A.M., even in a region famous for its temperate weather and emerald-green pine trees. Yoshida lives in one of four apartments which stand at the foot of embracing hills, about three kilometers from the plant. The three-storey buildings were constructed by the company to house its employees.

Nearly all the men ride motorcycles to work. Yoshida's is a Honda 125 cc., but it is old and battered. Each morning he renews a silent vow to buy a new one with his summer bonus. He leaves home in his work-clothes, that is, wearing a protective helmet, antidust glasses and thick gloves. His four-year-old son waves a last farewell

and shouts something about a promise to go fishing together during the next holidays.

The Otake factory of the Dainippon Chemical Co., Ltd., where Yoshida works, produces acetic acid, butanol and butyl acetate. Like all Japanese petrochemical companies, it is a comparatively new enterprise dating from January, 1961. Its parent company, the Dainippon Celluloid Co., Ltd., which put up the original capital, has a long history and is one of the few big Japanese manufacturers of plastics, organic synthetics, acetate textiles and rocket propellants.

After the war, new petrochemical processes were introduced into Japan and many former companies such as the Dainippon Chemical Co., set up subsidiaries to make new products. Its only factory is the one at Otake where Yoshida supervises the methobutanol plant which operates 24

† "A Japanese Profile," *The East*, Vol. I, No. 5 (1965).

hours a day with three operators working each eight-hour shift.

The plant at this time had just resumed operation after recently undergoing annual repairs and maintenance, keeping Yoshida busy. Normally his job is to check the instrument panels in the control room, as the plant is fully automated. Today, however, he had to climb several times to the top of the plant's 30 m. tower, to check the workings of compressors and valves. Ordinarily, the job of checking the meters and instruments is left to his twelve subordinates. His task is to guide and supervise them, draw up work schedules and compile the daily work report.

Consequently, Yoshida is not a manual laborer. Workers are there to handle emergencies such as when a hitch occurs in the series of automated processes, and although muscles are not required, nerves are often strained. It is Yoshida's responsibility to see that accidents do not occur and at this he is an expert.

Yoshida was born into a farming family in Shimane Prefecture, a rather backward region. Coming from a poor family, his education ended on graduation from school at the age of 14. He then went to work as a shophand in the Manshu Electro Chemical Industries, which was a new company established by Dainippon Celluloid Co. to extend its operations to Manchuria.

Yoshida himself was a faithful and conscientious worker. He applied himself to his training at the Aboshi plant, having always regretted that his family's modest means had kept him from receiving a higher school education.

Yoshida attended the "youth classes" given at his company. He studied industrial chemical engineering as a speciality, and

graduated with the same honours that a graduate of an ordinary engineering school would have received. He was then transferred to Manchuria.

After Japan's defeat, he was repatriated and returned to Dainippon Celluloid Co., where he continued his studies in engineering, selecting his own self-educational courses, passing one after the other the examinations qualifying him to become a chemical engineer.

Yoshida was worried when his company decided to transfer him to a new subsidiary, for the automated plant he was to supervise was an unknown field to him. He was to be in charge of a new West-German-invented process. After initial hesitation, he agreed nevertheless to move with his family to the new job.

Now, two years later, his thinking has changed. "At first I was bewildered," he said, "but actually the plant practices an economic continuity of processing. The principle is simple, and there are no differences in chemical reactions or basic engineering principles. The plant I am now supervising is perhaps the most efficient of its type in the world, producing stable quality products."

Yoshida receives a basic salary of 43,560 yen (about \$121), on top of which he receives an average 2,880 yen or \$8 a month for from five to ten hours of overtime. However, twice a year in June and December he receives a bonus. This is a custom peculiar to Japan and all wage earners benefit from it. The sum received is generally equal to two or more months' wages, but the exact multiple involved is usually decided through bargaining between the management and the labor union. This is not always decided satisfactorily and pow-

erful groups have been known to call strikes during bonus bargaining.

The Dainippon Chemical Company's labor union has a long-standing agreement with the management to settle problems by discussion and no strikes have yet taken place, but as the Otake enterprise is fairly new, the bonuses of its employees are not large. Yoshida, for instance, received a total of 151,200 yen (\$420) last year. When this is averaged, it equals 13,320 yen or \$37 per month extra. This is not very high for a 40-year-old wage earner in Japan, but neither is it low for a blue-collar worker.

On this income, then, of 60,120 yen or \$167, he supports his 31-year-old wife, a daughter 6, and a son 4 years old.

The family's rent of 1,000 yen, or less than \$3 a month, is extremely low due to the fact that they enjoy company housing. Their living quarters are typical of most Japanese homes. The rooms are very small but include a children's room, sitting-room, bedroom and a relatively spacious kitchen-dining room plus a bathroom (a Japanese bathroom is used only for bathing and washing; toilets are separate). An apartment of this size in Tokyo, with its housing shortage, would cost over 20,000 yen or about \$72 per month in rent.

About 5,400 yen (\$15) a month goes towards heating, lighting and water. This leaves about 52,920 yen (\$147) for clothing and food. (A fairly good suit costs about 21,600 yen (\$60), paid in installments. Food is budgeted at about 800 yen (\$2.50) per day for four people, excluding staples. This is about average by Japanese standards.

Yoshida's lack of wealth is of the kind that causes him to vow each morning to replace his old motorcycle with a new one,

but forces him to continue using the beat-up vehicle.

Yoshida enjoys his cup of *sake*. Before he married, he used to stop for a drink on his way from work, but nowadays he usually comes straight home and has an occasional drink in the evening with his wife.

Their marriage was arranged, meaning that an elderly married couple acted as go-betweens, setting up a meeting between the young man and the girl they thought would be suitable for him. In Japan, this is still considered to be the most sensible and discreet system.

Yoshida says his first impression of his wife was that "she was smiling and looked healthy." Her first impression was that "he looked taciturn and honest." In all events it was not love at first sight, but now they are very close.

They have adopted a "minimum-interference" policy in bringing up their two children, giving them what is called a "progressive education."

The evening meal is the best time of the day for the Yoshida family. The children, usually in noisy unison, recount the happenings of the day. After supper they always watch television, mostly children's programs and cartoons, until it is bedtime. Then the apartment becomes suddenly very quiet, and the parents have time to themselves.

Sometimes a young colleague drops in to play *go*,¹ or rather to get Yoshida to teach him the game, as he is one of the best *go* players among the hundred or so employees of the factory. After a game or two, Yoshida might take up a technical book and read a few pages before finally turning in from his long day's work.

1. A Japanese game somewhat similar to chess.

People at Play in Urban Japan

The previous examination of people at work revealed a certain amount about modern Japan, but it ignored a particularly important aspect of life, the seeking of pleasure. What is important in the after work hours? What provides the Japanese with pleasure and amusement? To what degree has modernization made life any easier or happier? The following readings not only provide information which may be helpful in coping with such questions, but should also generate a wide variety of questions on the purposes of recreation, urban organization, and society as a whole.

Reading five is a rather broad report on the Japanese quest for enjoyment. Reading six is concerned with the attention given to sports, either by training for them, participating in them, or viewing them. Reading seven assesses the Japanese concern for beauty and art and thereby adds a dimension somewhat different from that offered by the previous readings. Reading eight shifts from the aesthetic to the material by considering the recent increase in car production and purchases throughout Japan.





Afterhours Pleasures

Seeking amusement after work takes the Japanese down many paths. Traditional Japan offers its people feasts, festivals, theater productions, poetry, painting, *sumo* (a form of wrestling), and a sensitive respect for beautiful landscapes. In addition, modern Japan offers motion pictures, radio, color television, baseball, golf, skiing, skating, and electric pinball machines.

Reading five is by an American, Pearl Buck. It describes the recreational pursuits in contemporary Japan and in so doing raises an interesting question: To what degree has industrial Japan responded to the established needs and desires of its people and to what degree has it changed and shaped these needs and desires?

I dare say that, per square mile and per capita, Japan has more places of amusement than any country in the world. I know the places of amusement that a rich and varied nature bestows on them, but I do not count seashore, mountains, flowers, forests or hot springs. I think now of museums, art galleries, theaters, motion pictures, bars; baseball fields, sports fields indeed of every kind; feasts, festivals, sake parties, prize fighting, judo, skating rinks that stay open night and day in order to satisfy the endless crowds of skaters; ski spots where skiers line up hours in advance for the lifts; the thousand-acre play complex of Yomiuriland, outside Tokyo, where a huge snowless ski jump operates

the year round, where there are two golf courses, one private, fabulously expensive and oversubscribed the year before it opened, a chain of fish ponds, heavily stocked, a clubhouse with a geodesic dome, and a monorail to take visitors from one play place to another.

Yes, the Japanese today are a people who enjoy life almost with frenzy. Picnics and tours to famous places are part of education for school children, and any beauty spot or ancient monument is crowded with well-behaved children in uniforms, each with his or her knapsack and lunch box.

Night life, at least in Tokyo, is quieter than it was. A new law was passed in

† Pearl Buck, *People of Japan* (New York: Simon and Schuster, Inc., 1966).

August 1964 requiring bars and cabarets to close at midnight. They do, for the most part, although of course some of them wear a new face and make a show of serving food in a six-to-four ratio to liquor in order to stay open past the curfew. Otherwise, the busiest and most popular places are the *sushi* bars, and since sushi is nothing more than the equivalent of a sandwich, or fishy snack, the sushi bar can hardly be described as a den of iniquity. Night life for the average Tokyo resident is not, therefore, nearly as exciting as rumor would have it.

But there is gambling. The Japanese love to gamble, whether it be at the bicycle or horse racing track, or at their version of the one-armed bandit so popular in Nevada. The game of pachinko has been described by some observers as the Great National Pastime, and I think quite accurately.

No report on Japan would be complete without a description of pachinko, the favored sport of Todai students. It is a pinball game that has grown to outlandish proportions in Japanese cities. Take the city of Nagoya, for instance. In Nagoya there are approximately 30,000 machines in 196 pachinko parlors, which are the most garish buildings with the most brilliant neon lights in town. Some are several stories high, with hundreds of vertical pachinko machines, row on row, in almost constant use from ten in the morning to ten at night. Music blaring from a loudspeaker is scarcely audible over the din of the pachinko balls. I am not an expert, but I know that it is played something like this:

For a hundred yen (twenty-eight cents when I was last there) a player receives

fifty small metal balls. These he endeavors to shoot into any one of eight cups on the pachinko board. For each success the machine automatically feeds back fifteen balls to the player. Speed of play is rapid, and the fifty balls could be used up in a minute if none paid off. But rarely is this the case, particularly for the experienced player. There is some skill involved, usually in picking the right machine, and police estimate that in Nagoya alone there are from five hundred to a thousand pachinko *professionals* who play all day long and eke out a living in the process. There are no cash prizes; the winners turn in their winnings for groceries, cigarettes, or some particular household item which can be taken around the corner and exchanged for cash. This is not legal, but it is done.

Most people who enter the pachinko parlors, however, are not professionals but casual players, stopping by in the lunch hour, on the way to classes, on the way to work, or between shopping trips to department stores. Their ventures are not always losing propositions. But, of course, the machines win eventually, and only the owners get rich. Pachinko, in fact, is the main source of revenue for the highly organized *yakuza*, the gangster element in Japan. The eventual losers must always be the players, even though they make occasional gains, and sad to say, students and young businessmen have been known to commit suicide after squandering all their resources at the pachinko boards. Such is pachinko's hypnotic allure that at any given moment between the hours of four and ten P.M. there are perhaps a million people throughout Japan, in varying degrees of pachinko hypnosis, feeding in their money and playing the game. It is a

sad waste of time and money, even of life. Perhaps it is also a reflection of a not uncommon Japanese feeling that life, after all, is quite meaningless. I am not sure that this is so, but it may be.

There are, of course, other sports. Most Japanese would prefer to proclaim sumo, not pachinko, the chief sport of the nation. Certainly it is older, for it dates back to Caesar's time. The participants are immense men, often more than three hundred and sometimes over four hundred pounds in weight, who, after a great deal of ritual, attempt to throw each other down on the sand-covered wrestling mat or out of the fifteen-foot ring. Preliminary ceremony is long, matches are short. It is the pageantry of sumo, rather than its excitement as a sport, that keeps it popular. Here is how it goes. Two enormous men, clad only in minuscule loin cloths, each fringed with a tiny apron, enter the sandbag-encircled room and greet each other with elaborate salutations. A referee in ancient, traditional costume introduces them to the audience in equally ancient traditional phrases and almost inaudible voice, and then they leave the inner circle and go to their respective sides of the ring. Here, by the corner posts that support the canopy over the ring, are tubs or buckets of water. Each waddling giant now washes his hands, rinses out his mouth, and sprinkles a pinch of salt into the ring. All this is a purification rite. When it is over, or apparently over, the men crouch low in the ring and face each other unblinkingly with their great hamlike hands before them on the mat. Each waits, with elephantine caution, for an opening, for the one right moment to attack. According to sumo rules, however, there is no chance

for sneak attack or sudden lunge, for the contestants are supposed to rise at the same instant. If they do not they must go through the preliminaries all over again. After perhaps five minutes of false start and repurifying they lumber into action. The bout may last as long as a few minutes, but it is usually over in thirty seconds. It may end with one behemoth forcing some part of the other's body, apart from his feet, down onto the mat, or it may end more spectacularly with one of them flipping the other out of the ring, an amazing sight.

The bout over, two more vast figures enter the ring, this time clad in beautiful and costly embroidered aprons. These are champions, not scheduled for the wrestling events of the evening, but who are appearing instead as performers of the ring entry ceremony. They clap their hands, stamp their feet, and retire to ringside after some time to watch the next bout. During sumo tournaments there may be dozens of matches each day over a period of fifteen days, all of which are watched avidly by ringside crowds, who bring their lunch and take off their shoes, and millions of television viewers. Sumo champions are admired and almost revered by Japanese fans, who idolize their mountainous wrestlers as if they were national heroes.

If it were not for ancient sumo, modern baseball would be *the* national sport. The Japanese have baseball clubs and leagues just as we do, their Pacific and Central Leagues corresponding to our American and National Leagues, and an enthusiasm for the sport and its stars that sometimes even exceeds our own. There is some difference in the style of play. Japanese baseball puts more stress on the bunt, the

squeeze, the double play and one-run inning, and it is not the power game it is in the States. As a matter of fact, baseball is a fairly recent addition to the Japanese sports scene, having become popular only since the time Lefty O'Doul, Babe Ruth, Joe DiMaggio and other big leaguers went to Japan for exhibition games in the twenties and thirties.

The Japanese play a great deal of tennis, too, but with a flat-topped racket and a ball softer than ours in the West. The stroke is from the wrist and forearm rather than from the shoulder, and overspin is the key. Again, it is not a power game, but rather one of subtlety. And then of course there is American-style pro wrestling, as distinct from sumo, and there is very little subtlety or skill in this. Some histrionic ability is required, for it is entertainment and not sport in the true sense, just as it is in the United States. The extent to which it has caught on in a Japan that fully appreciates judo, kendo, sumo and karate is amazing.

When the Japanese play anything, they play hard, even if not with powerful style. Japanese men and women enjoy their sports with desperate seriousness. They feel it a moral obligation, a duty to the nation, to excel, especially in international sports; and to compensate for their relatively shorter height and lighter weight, they develop toughness and endurance. Indeed, their national pride is so strong that they will take up a sport they do not particularly care for and train themselves until they are exceptionally good at it. For instance, they do not on the whole care very much for swimming, and yet they have so trained themselves that they are frequent winners in international swimming meets. Swimming, of course, requires

the very qualities that they are best able to develop, and since they do have the capacity to be good at it they feel they must excel whether they enjoy it or not.

It is also true that the Japanese do not have the "sporting" sense on which we pride ourselves. It is not part of their tradition. Everybody dislikes losing, but Japanese hate it and do not hesitate to show their feelings. It is not unusual for a Japanese athlete, or even a whole team, to indulge in a great public display of disappointment after losing. Onlookers are astonished by their weeping and gnashing of teeth, especially those who have grown up believing in the myth that the Japanese either do not have emotions or never show them, or with the conviction that one must be a sporting loser. The Japanese look at it quite differently. They feel very deeply about many things, and losing is one of them. To them, this is a perfectly proper occasion on which to show emotion. If they lose, they will not pretend that they are not sorry; they wish they had won, and they show it. If they want to cry, they cry. It is all quite logical, and human.

The logic of it can be carried one step further, and sometimes is. I remember one occasion when I was visiting a Japanese university. They had a brand-new football team which they had carefully trained for its first match, to be played against a rival college. They sent the team off with great fanfare and waited eagerly for their return. When they came back next day they asked them, "Who won?"

They said, "We didn't play."

"You didn't?"

"No, there was no sense in playing, because the other team was better than ours!"

Pleasure in Sports: Volleyball and Sumo

The Japanese are active sports enthusiasts. They often demonstrate that they are willing to endure hardships and make sacrifices not only to gain perfection but also to win. By means of great dedication and hard training under a determined coach, a team of Japanese women won Olympic gold medals and established themselves as the best volleyball players in the world; likewise, Taiho became Japan's most popular *sumo* champion at the age of 21. Sumo, a form of wrestling recorded as being popular as long ago as A.D. 612, is still a favorite sport of the Japanese. In addition to being Japan's oldest sport, sumo has been associated with the Imperial Court and numerous shrines, and has historically been surrounded by colorful pagentry. These readings should enable the reader to gain further insight into the modern Japanese quest for amusement and pleasure.

Volleyball†

Because of the predominance of women workers in his factories, the president of Nichibo decided that volleyball would be the official company sport.

Daimatsu was put in charge of the girls' training. The team did not start out as a spectacular success.

Not one of them was an outstanding player, but they did know the rules of the game. Most had played volleyball in high school and had joined the club simply because they liked the game.

Coach Daimatsu took this heterogeneous group in hand with some misgivings. His favorite quotes however were, "If you want something badly enough, you'll get it," and "A quitter is a useless person," so he set out to literally batter the girls into shape. In no time, they were covered with bruises and cuts from slips, falls, knocks and collisions, bringing gasps of incredulity and sympathy from their fellow workers. Daimatsu became known throughout the factory as "The Ogre."

But he had beaten them into shape. By 1958, the Nichibo-Kaizuka team had won

† "You Can If You Try," *The East*, Vol. I, No. 6 (1965).

six inter-city meets, three national athletic meets, three inter-business corporation meets and four all-Japan meets. They were ready to set their eyes on the world championship.

One problem had first to be overcome. Japanese volleyball is played by a team of nine, whereas sextets compete in Europe and the Soviet Union. Daimatsu sat down and studied the latter system, and Nichibo's sextet was formed in 1959.

After less than a year of strenuous training, the team participated in the 1960 Rio de Janeiro World Volleyball Championship as the first Japanese women's sextet to be sent abroad. They reached the finals, but were defeated by the title holders, the Soviet team.

At this first encounter with Western players, Coach Daimatsu realised that his girls lacked not only basic training, but physical stamina and "Western proportions" also. They were small, slender and willowy, in contrast to their hefty Soviet rivals.

Basic training was a question of practice, but how could the difference in physique be overcome? And it had to be overcome to beat the Soviet girls.

Daimatsu came up with a solution — "somersault receiving," an acrobatic movement that could be used both in defense and attack. Then started the training that literally put the lives of his girls in jeopardy.

Somersault receiving is similar to the technique of breaking a fall in *judo*, but Coach Daimatsu did not get the idea from there. It was his own, conceived to avoid fouls in receiving while setting the player back on her feet in the minimum of time. In other words, the player reaches for a low ball, tosses it up and somersaults at the

same time, so that she is back in position almost before the ball is returned over the net by whoever takes over her toss.

So what was to become the "bloodiest training" in the history of volleyball began. "Ogre" Daimatsu made no allowances for femininity. He screamed and ranted as the girls flung themselves on the hardwood floor of the gymnasium, grazing and bruising knees, elbows and backs, and taking hard knocks on the head in the process.

All vacations and days off were cancelled. The girls were not even allowed to have boy friends. Every spare moment was spent in the gymnasium — somersaulting, somersaulting, somersaulting. He drove them to the limits of their physical and moral capacity.

No one can gamble timidly and hope to win a bonanza. Daimatsu told his girls that the more bruises and injuries they accumulated, the tougher they would become. He almost encouraged them to hurt themselves saying that it was the best preventative to assure painless championship form.

Pain-killing injections were administered almost daily for strained muscles or sprained fingers, but training continued without a break.

Slowly the girls became used to the strenuous schedule, and morale began to soar as their overall physical condition improved.

Despite increasing criticism of his methods, Daimatsu remained convinced that he was on the right path. He had no intention of stopping now.

A few easily won local matches caused the public to take new notice of the Nichibo-Kaizuka sextet. Their play was watched first with curiosity, then with admiration. Criticism dropped, and even

the girls' co-workers were impressed and started congratulating rather than condoling with them.

The long anticipated return match against the Soviet team took place in Moscow in October, 1962. Using their "secret weapons," which included a curved service and somersault receiving, the Nichibo girls crushed the title holders to become the world's volleyball champions.

Since he had battered, blasted and martyrsed his girls for over ten years with this one victory in mind, it seemed to many that Coach Daimatsu could now retire. Daimatsu decided that the team should be dispersed and sent back to their respective homes.

The Tokyo Olympics were due to be held in two years' time, and there was every possibility that volleyball would be included on the list of events.

Daimatsu, no longer the ogre, decided that it would be unfair to ask his girls to wait another two years before being free to marry, to exchange their dormitory quarters for homes of their own, and to have children. Also, it is not easy to find husbands for women over 30.

He finally left the decision up to the girls themselves. Early in January 1963, he received their reply. It was: "Let's try!"

The girls fully cooperated, for now it was more than a world championship that was at stake, it was a gold medal for all Japan to share. Daimatsu believed it could be won, not only because of his team's improved techniques, but because of the girls' perfect teamwork. They had trained so long together, played so many matches together, that they practically breathed in unison.

The scene of the hard-won finals of the Olympic volleyball women's event is familiar to all who watched the match on television, and to those who have seen the Olympic documentary film. As the game ended, with victory for the Japanese sextet, the girls, without exception, burst into tears. So did their coach, Daimatsu.

Lined up on the dais to receive their gold medals, the girls started weeping again, causing a certain amount of bewildered amusement to those who had no idea of the back-breaking, bloody and tireless years of training that had preceded this victory.



The Nichibo-Kaizuka Women Volleyball team defeated the Russian team 3-0 at the 1965 Tokyo Olympic Games.

In Tokyo, the *oyakata*¹ of the Nishonoseki Club decided to take Taiho in hand himself. He first taught him the technique of pushing, called *oshi*. There are numberless *sumo* techniques, all of which must be learned by the aspiring wrestler. The fastest and safest way to win is to push straight forward. Therefore the cardinal principle in *sumo* is to learn how to push, and to follow the maxim, "if pushed, push; if pulled, push."

During this early training period, Taiho was still lean, and some thought him too flexible in the ring. They did not reckon with his tenacity. He had the courage to endure the strictest training without a word of protest, or show of fatigue. He also never made the same mistake twice.

Taiho's day started at 4 A.M., and the *oyakata* rose at the same time to supervise his training.

Taiho improved steadily and began to put on weight. His hair was also growing long as the traditional *sumo* hair-do requires it to be more than shoulder length in order to make a dignified top-knot.

A wrestler is considered full-fledged when he reaches the *juryo* (2nd highest junior) division, for that is when he starts receiving a salary and is given attendants. At that time also, he receives his name.

The ring name of a *sumo* wrestler is of great importance. Sometimes it is changed during the course of his career in the hope that the new nomenclature will bring better luck. They are very poetic-sounding names as a rule.

1. Head or master of a sumo club.

The Nishonoseki *oyakata* had been searching for some time for an appropriate name for young Naya. One day, he recalled a story by Chuang Tsu in which a legendary Chinese bird was mentioned, called *ho* (phoenix), "so large that its wings spanned 3,000 miles, and one flap of them took it 90,000 miles at a stretch."

"Put *tai* (meaning big) in front of *ho*," he thought, "and it will denote the biggest bird ever dreamed of."

In the summer tournament, 19-year-old Naya won promotion to the *juryo* division and his new name, Taiho, was printed for the first time on official tournament programs.

From there on, the speed of his rise was incredible. It is often said that the road to *sumo* stardom is like climbing a mountain. The lower slopes are easy, then the going becomes more difficult and the pace slower. The summit is reached only by a few—the strongest, the most skilled, and the most persevering.

Once the summit is reached, a *yokozuna*, or grand champion, cannot be dislodged. He holds his title until the day of his retirement, no matter how poor his subsequent *sumo* record may be. A grand champion who loses too consistently, or whose record is too humiliating must, of necessity, resign. All other rankings are merely subject to demotion following a bad tournament record, and many wrestlers go up and down the scale during their entire careers without ever reaching the rarified heights.

Taiho became a grand champion only three years after earning his first salary in the *juryo* division. He was 21 years of

† Shiro Kitajima, "The Grandest Champion," *The East*, Vol. 1, No. 6 (1965).

age. Instead of pausing for a breather the new *yokozuna* immediately set out to beat all existing records, most of them set by prewar *sumo* idols such as Tachiyama, Tochigiya and Futabayama who is now president of the Japan Sumo Association.

He still has to break Futabayama's 69 clean-slate victories (15-0), and has managed so far [1965] to win 34.

All this makes one wonder what Taiho's relations are with his fellow wrestlers. Although there may be envy, there is surprisingly little jealousy, or dislike of Taiho in *sumo* circles. It is impossible to hold a grudge against him, for he is not the type of wrestler who slaps furiously, or who brutally flings a man to the ground or out of the ring, regardless of the injury he may cause him.

"*Sumo*," according to an old saying, "reveals the character." Taiho wrestles to win, but his consideration for others shows in many ways. He prefers to push and lift a man out of the ring rather than fling him to the ground, but when the latter technique must be used, his outstretched hand is the one that helps the loser to his feet. Taiho has not lost his boyhood gentleness.

Taiho's income, now that he is a grand champion, is complex, but it is safe to say that it averages 15 to 20 million yen in a good year, that is, a year of repeated tournament wins (about \$40,000-\$55,000).

But that is not all. There is advertising revenue and even more important, income from his fan clubs in the form of "congratulatory gifts."

Sumo fan clubs are numerous and well organized. Taiho's fan clubs, for instance, include such distinguished members as former premier Kishi, and many prominent political and financial figures. When-

ever he wins a tournament he receives large monetary "congratulatory gifts" from these clubs. The yearly total is believed to be several million yen, perhaps over 10 million on occasion.

Thus, when a wrestler reaches Taiho's status, his income is far bigger than that of a star baseball player.

This is the golden age of Taiho, and it is anyone's guess how long it will last. At each tournament, he appears to be a little heavier, more sure of himself, and more invincible.

Taiho will be 25 this May. He is still a bachelor, which perhaps explains in part the fanatic devotion of his younger female fans who scream their enthusiasm the moment his towering figure is sighted at the entrance of the passage leading to the ring, and who swoon with delight should he so much as glance their way.

There is nationwide speculation as to when and who the Golden Boy will marry, and many young girls dream with his photograph under their pillow.



Sumo, or Japanese wrestling, is as popular as baseball in the United States or cricket in England.

Pleasure in the Arts

Attending a baseball game, or a sumo tournament or playing pachinko may be the ultimate in entertainment for many Japanese, but for some, the time would be better spent in aesthetic endeavors. The Japanese have developed traditional artistic responses which seem to penetrate the little events of everyday living as well as those of national importance. While it is often said that modernization has tended to erode the traditional appreciation for artistic expression, the Japanese, in great numbers, still take pleasure in responding to nature, beauty, and the fine arts with a highly developed sensitivity.

The item I bought cost less than a dollar, but the saleswoman wrapped the package with the delight of a skilled craftsman. The paper quickly enveloped the box, and strands of shiny, red-and-white cord seemed to tie themselves into a perfect bowknot. In the upper left-hand corner she stuck a *noshi*, a tiny ornamental envelope of folded red-and-white paper with a tiny sliver of transparent dried abalone in it—for luck, I later learned. When I presented the gift, I heard, as I was to hear many times later and to say myself often enough, “Why, it’s too pretty to open.” I was reminded of that later in New York, when I noticed the bewildered look of a Japanese as a department-store attendant put his purchase in a ready-wrapped box with a ready-made bow.

The casual Japanese sense of beauty was also strikingly brought home to me during the Occupation.¹ One day I turned up at the home of a Japanese friend with an extra guest for lunch at a time when the larder was depleted. The cook stretched out our simple meal and improvised an auxiliary dish. In dainty china saucers he spread a thin layer of catchup and dotted it with canned green peas, uneven in number and asymmetrically placed. His reasoning, as he later said, was, “it looked pretty, like a Christmas decoration.” It did.

Japanese finger dexterity leads to many things: neatness in painting; precision in flower-arranging; fluidity in music; delicacy in embroidery and weaving; skillfulness in

1. The Allied Military Occupation in Japan lasted from August 1945 until April 1952.

† Faubion Bowers, “Japan: The Big and Little Arts,” *Holiday* (October, 1961).

pottery-making. To see a Japanese surgeon meticulously sew up an incision is to recognize the principle instantly. While the conviction that food is to be beautiful first and edible second (throughout Japan, the better the restaurant the better the “look” of the repast) is open to question, the presence of art is not. And it is art which shows itself in many ways, both casually and formally, in Japanese civilization.

Take, for instance, the “art” of insect-hearing, a pleasure still indulged in by cultivated Japanese. In Japan, insects are prized for their “music.” When “the seven grasses of autumn” are in flower, you may be invited to a friend’s garden for a party. There, in the warmth of an early September evening, you will find the guests with miniature cages of split bamboo, twisted and woven into artistic little toy houses. These will contain “long-horned grasshoppers,” “pine bugs,” “grass larks” and other euphemistically named common cicadas and locusts purchased for the quality of their “singing voices.” At a moment of absolute stillness, the cages are opened, and suddenly the air fills with humming and buzzing, trilling and sputtering. The insects, celebrating their freedom, make an orchestra of sound, each with its own pitch, resonance and vibration. The “music” settles, finally, into silence again, and the party is over.

Or take moon-viewing. Here is another “art” surrounded with etiquette, ritual and beauty. On the evening of the August or harvest moon, a host holds a moon-viewing party. (If the host is poor, the occasion may be a picnic in a public park or temple precinct.) He makes offerings of food, fruit and flowers, not to worship any gods but as a courtesy to the spirit of the occasion.

While the guests watch the full moon slowly rise, an appropriate story will be told, softly and quietly. Everyone, including foreigners, will be expected to compose a short poem, as a kind of bread-and-butter letter for the good time.

Perhaps one winter weekend you will go to the northern mountains for snow-viewing—to study how it drifts and shifts, melts and glistens. Or you may attend an incense-smelling party where each guest burns one of the hundred varieties of Japanese incense (each has its own obscure literary allusion for a name) while the others identify it by its “nature,” “color” and “taste”—the three attributes of every odor, according to the Japanese. The incense burners will be chosen especially for their age and workmanship. When the olfactory nerves begin to numb, you rinse your mouth with watered vinegar to restore the sense of smell.

Most accessible to visitors are the celebrated flower-viewing affairs. In early April, looking at cherry blossoms becomes something of a national observance. Wherever there are cherry trees in bloom, groups of friends gather, get drunk in the open air, patch up quarrels; some Japanese fall in love and exchange promises; others write poems.

Three days later, at the end of the brief life span of a cherry flower, the performance is repeated. Now you watch the “pink snow” fill the air with each gust of wind, catch in your hair and blanket the ground around you. Those who wish to complete their appreciation of this special beauty attend the annual memorial service in Tokyo for dead cherry trees. This is conducted by the guild of wood-block-print artists who, until recent years, found only

cherry wood suitable for their art. Over the centuries, thousands of cherry trees have “given their lives” and sacrificed their blossoms for the man-made beauty of these color prints. The artists do not neglect to show their gratitude.

The chrysanthemum, which blooms as the cold of winter sets in, is also treasured by the Japanese. It is not only beautiful and grown in infinite varieties, but its scent is supposed to have medicinal properties. The sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum serves as the emperor’s crest and is embossed or stamped on everything connected with him, including his gold-tipped cigarettes. The emperor and empress occasionally hold a chrysanthemum-viewing party within the imperial palace grounds; if you wangle an invitation, you not only will see the most glorious blooms in the islands but also will be served lashings of delicious chrysanthemum wine.

From flower-viewing to flower-arranging is a natural step. In the hands of a master, three flowers, or the seven grasses of autumn, or one flower, a pine cone and a gnarled stalk, can be transformed into a fine art. There are dozens of schools of flower-arranging in Japan, and since the art is an absolute essential for the mistress of a household, the schools are well patronized, with each teacher claiming his secrets as the truest. The basic rules behind every arrangement are, however, uniform: The highest flower is “heaven”; the middle, bent slightly to the right, is “man”; and the lowest, twisted upward to the left, represents “earth.” Our convention of placing a dozen roses in a vase is not to Japanese liking, partly because it involves an unlucky even number, partly because the arrangement looks too cluttered. The closest

the Japanese come to our method of handling flowers is a style called *nagaire*, which means “thrown in.”

These unostentatious but still labored over flower arrangements are placed in the alcove of the main room at the foot of an appropriate *kakemono*, or hanging rolled picture—the only type of picture that ever decorates a Japanese room. Both the flowers and the painting must match; that is, they must be suitable to the season, reflect the mood of a specific idea and pay homage in some way to the guest of honor. On the coldest day of winter, for example, a Japanese might arrange a branch of plum blossom beneath a scroll picture of a spring view. The room thus becomes full of springtime warmth and makes do esthetically, for the central heating which most Japanese homes lack. Foreigners are always surprised to find, in the bathroom, a casual flower arrangement placed there to enliven an otherwise indecorous place.

The Japanese sense of beauty and art sometimes extends to the far-fetched, the distorted and the grotesque. Some Japanese prefer to contemplate Mount Fuji “upside down,” and will trek for hours to reach a lake where its reflection appears on a ruffled surface of water. Others spend their lives cultivating dwarf trees, *bonsai*, an art in which saplings a foot high are constantly pruned of their large roots, kept out of the sunlight and fed little water; the tender branches are weighted, wired and strung so as to harden into exact facsimiles of wind-swept or forest-stifled trees in miniature. The dwarf trees are kept alive for many years—I have seen one five hundred years old—and frequently develop pygmy lichen and other fungi which in turn are appreciated as much as

the patina on an ancient bronze. A number of Japanese breed goldfish, the “art” of which lies in making the eyes of the fish more goggly, the fins more diaphanous, the bodies more warty than normal and in transforming the faces to resemble those of a bulldog or a lion.

Since the orthodox Japanese garden lacks flowers and there is never a view from a proper Japanese house, excitingly different art perceptions come into play. The greatest garden in Japan, Ryoanji in Kyoto, is a masterpiece created out of a few harsh rocks sunk in the ground, a patch of raked gravel, a sprig of stunted grass and some leprous-looking spots of lichen. The finest houses in Tokyo, those of the Kabuki actors, either face into a hillock or are securely fenced with high slats of wood.

Of the conventional arts—painting, literature and theater—painting best demonstrates how Japanese art is wedded to the national life. According to popular theory, “if a Japanese can write, he can draw,” which suggests that every Japanese is a painter. An exaggeration, of course, but it is true that Japanese schoolchildren’s paintings are more carefully drawn, better composed and more expertly finished than those normally done in the West.

There are plays and poems on Japanese calligraphy which give “writing” an almost mystical significance. Actually, many paintings in Japan are not paintings at all, but words or phrases drawn on strips of paper or etched in slabs of wood. A painting by an exalted Zen priest may be simply a circle in India ink brushed in the middle of a blank sheet of paper. One reason the junior geishas of Kyoto are so eager to distribute their hand-painted, handwritten calling

cards is to show that they have already, at a tender age, mastered the intricacies of the written language. From a person’s calligraphy, you can judge his approximate age, sex, and position in the social scale, but not necessarily his nature or character.

At some point in his life every Japanese is trained to write with a brush dipped in charcoal ink. The brush, a bamboo cylinder tipped with rabbit or badger hair, is extremely hard to manipulate, because it makes transparent the minutest detail of an ideograph. By the accident of language, the Japanese child uses a brush to draw pictures; calligraphy turns the technique into a skill. A full-fledged painter may become Westernized and use oils instead of inks, but he still applies them with a brush; and whether he chooses Japanese subjects, such as “animals and flowers,” “mountains and water,” “skies and earth,” or nudes, portraits and abstractions, his craft stems from the lessons of his childhood. A Japanese painter seems to remain Japanese regardless of where he has studied or under whose influence he has come abroad.

Every year the emperor designates a theme for a national poetry contest, the poem being a thirty-one syllable ode. The best poems are read in the traditional sing-song hum over the national broadcasting network. After the winner is announced the poems that the emperor and empress themselves have written are then read—hers repeated three times, his five times.

The Japanese poetic sensibility usually lasts a lifetime. Most Japanese can readily produce a seventeen-syllable *haiku*; many will volunteer a poem if the occasion presents itself. It may come during a walk through the woods, or a drive through the

countryside, or be inspired by a felicitous turn of phrase occurring in ordinary conversation. A man sitting in a bar may suddenly hand a poem to the waitress. It may not be a good poem, but it will contain the elements the Japanese relish—a sense of season, the expression of a mood, a compact intensity of meaning, a relationship between the moment and the poem, and above all a pleasing flow of words.

Japan's greatest art form and her crowning achievement is, in my opinion, the theater. No country in the world has maintained its classics so authentically and at the same time moved into modern problem plays and social drama so forcefully. On almost any day of the week you can see stylized Noh plays that were written five hundred years ago. Or the lively, blood-and-thunder Kabuki dramas which originated during the time of Shakespeare and are still performed by families of hereditary actors, with men in women's roles, traditional music and stage devices popular three hundred and fifty years ago.



In his studio in Tokyo, Suzuki Sukien, a master calligrapher, is drawing hiragana (cursive script) characters on a scroll.

Pleasure in Ownership

Throughout history the Japanese have demonstrated a marked concern for nature and beauty, but that does not mean they have ignored the material pleasures of life. Today, more and more Japanese families are beginning to regard such items as color television and air conditioners as necessities rather than luxuries. Japan's growing ability to produce cars will soon enable it to eclipse the output of West Germany, which is the second largest automotive manufacturing country in the world. The car has become Japan's single most important status symbol and therefore has become a motivating force in the lives of many Japanese. One out of every seventeen people now owns a car. With 40,000 new cars appearing each month on Tokyo streets alone, the ratio is dropping quickly. The following report may raise some provocative questions about the impact of car-buying on Japanese life and culture.

For more than two years, no self-denial had been too great, no frugality too small, no inconvenience too demanding. Hiroshi Sugita, 35-year-old market-research director at a Tokyo brokerage house, had diligently spent 30 hours training for a driver's license and faithfully squirreled away every spare yen of his \$3,433 annual pay. And late last week, all the sacrifice and saving paid off. Sugita deposited a down payment of \$972 and tooled home to his wife and 9-year-old son with his first automobile, a \$2,092 Toyota Corona coupe.

In Japan, just now fully emerging from its postwar reconstruction period into the age of affluence, the automobile has become the ultimate status symbol—"less a means of transportation," one dealer explains, "than a way of satisfying our vanity." Only within the past year or so has national per capita income approached the level of 70 per cent of the cost of a car—the prerequisite in any country, economists say, for large-scale demand for the vehicles. And throughout the country, eager new motorists are snapping up cars almost as fast as the automakers can produce them.

† "Car Craze," *Newsweek* (October 24, 1966).

Annual passenger-car production has soared by an astounding 2,070 per cent in the last decade, from 32,000 to 696,000.

Pleasure in Having Things

The ten Japanese automakers—led by Toyota Motor Co. and Nissan Motor Co., which share 75 per cent of the market—offer frills enough to satisfy anybody's vanity. Nearly all of their 29 models, from tiny, tinny bubble cars to elegant limousines, are offered in de luxe versions for an extra \$50 to \$200. Most of them come outfitted with such luxuries as door-to-door carpets, leather headrests and reclining silk-covered seats. In the crowded big cities where few Japanese enjoy the luxury of a living room, many auto owners themselves add such flourishes as curtains, cushions, shelves, stuffed animals and even

vases of flowers to make their cars extensions of their homes.

Most of the proud drivers also lavish doting attention on the outside of their cars. Plumed feather dusters have come to be almost standard equipment and it is not uncommon to see a housewife washing down the family sedan in the morning before her husband drives it to work. Scrapes and dents, souvenirs of the kamikaze chaos of Japanese urban traffic, are usually attended to promptly.

Japan's auto mania comes complete with the usual trimmings: crowded highways, traffic jams and races, even on the serene slopes of Mount Fujiyama. Indeed, cars are so thick that Tokyo requires residents to prove that they have a place to park an automobile before they can buy one—and many comply by garaging cars in their shops or the ground-floor rooms of their homes.



Japan has more cars than any other Asian country, and traffic often chokes the larger cities.

People in Conflict in Urban Japan

The readings in this section raise and pursue two provocative questions: (1) What is the immediate impact of modernization, with its developing industry and its growing cities, on the people of Japan? and (2) What might be the eventual impact of modernization on the human being?

Reading nine is a rather tragic story of an older-generation watchman who feels intensely guilty when his company, through a severe fire, loses a warehouse he was guarding. Reading ten is a general consideration of the younger generation's response to the values and attitudes established by previous generations. Reading eleven describes three young men brought before a juvenile court in Tokyo. Reading twelve is a short story by a Japanese author, which dramatically raises some extremely serious questions about the impact of modernization not only on the Japanese but on all human beings.

Having become more aware of the pursuits, interests, motivations, hopes, and concerns of the urban Japanese as revealed by the preceding readings, you should now consider the two major questions mentioned above. There are no simple answers to such complex questions. However, by attempting to deal with these two major questions, you should be able to characterize or to illuminate more clearly the most important challenge facing the modern world.





The Older Generation and Modern Life

Certain warriors of feudal Japan were called *samurai*, or “the one who serves.” These warriors were bound by the code called *bushido*, or “the way of the warrior,” which demanded loyalty and obedience to the overlord. The code, which also required that such loyalty be characterized by courage and honor at all times, continued for nearly eight hundred years and extended well into the twentieth century. The following selection is a Japanese account of an episode in which a retired soldier, following the ancient samurai tradition, felt an obligation to save the honor of the modern-day overlord, his employing company.

On July 14 of this year, a disastrous explosion caused the death of 19 firemen fighting a fire that had broken out an hour previously in the Takaragumi Warehouses, located near the Bay of Tokyo, in Shinagawa.

The fire had been caused by the spontaneous combustion of 1,200 drums of nitro-cotton which had been carelessly left untended on the warehouse grounds. Further large quantities of lacquer, drums of petroleum and Pamex N (a synthetic chemical)—all dangerously inflammable—were stored in the warehouse. The firemen who had rushed to extinguish the outdoor flames were unaware of the danger in the warehouse itself.

They lost their lives when the second explosion took place.

Sending up mushrooming clouds of smoke like small atomic blasts, successive explosions scattered balls of fire over the heads of several thousand curious people who had gathered to watch. Some jumped into the bay, barely escaping the raining inferno.

Despite the presence of 20 chemical fire-fighters, 138 ordinary fire engines and seven fire boats, constituting a post-war record for the number of fire-fighting apparatus mobilized for a single calamity, it took all night and part of the next day before the flames were extinguished.

Five days after newspapers, radio and television had fully covered the disaster and the fickle public had turned to other gory and dramatic news stories, an old man could be seen aiming a hose at still

† “The Last Samurai,” *The East*, Vol. I, No. 4 (1964).

smoldering timber where the warehouses once had stood.

Across the acrid-smelling desolation he now had a beautiful view of the harbor, and of the monorail passing smoothly by above the teeming traffic.

He was Fujiro Ohashi, head watchman of the warehouses. He had gone without sleep or rest ever since the disaster, but now it seemed to him that the full weight of his 68 years was pressing him down.

Yet there was little doubt that he himself had not been responsible for the tragedy although he knew that his company must shoulder the blame. He went over in his mind the words he had used in reply to a friend's worried letter:

"I have faced death many times in my lifetime and once again have managed to survive. I feel myself to be without blame, so please do not worry about me."

The old man stood deep in thought, his eyes on the harbor where fat tankers, their bellies full of cargo, moved sluggishly to and fro like pregnant women.

"The company must have known of the danger," he thought. "Only the other day the Fire Board inspectors warned us about leaving drums of nitro-cotton exposed to the weather. I passed the warning on to my superiors but they paid no attention."

His shoulders drooped: "As head watchman I should have insisted on their listening to me. I should have asserted myself. Then perhaps the accident would not have occurred. So can I truly say that I hold no responsibility? . . ."

And still ahead of him was the police interrogation as a witness. "What a dishonor," he thought sadly, his gaze still fixed on the horizon beyond which lay a lifetime of memories.

Japanese navy pilots of World War II probably remember an officer nicknamed "Cautious Ohashi." Would they connect this 68-year-old watchman with the once popular Captain Fujiro Ohashi of the Imperial Japanese Navy?

It was in 1923 that Fujiro Ohashi joined the Naval Air Force after graduating from the Naval Academy with an excellent record. He was one of the first men in Japan to be taught how to fly a fighter plane by a British naval officer, and was one of the pioneers in the history of Japanese aviation.

Before World War II, Ohashi was famous for acrobatics and stunt-flying in fighter planes. The former commander-in-chief of the air force, Minoru Genda, now a member of the House of Councillors, received his first flying lessons from Ohashi. He recalls:

"I believe it was in 1930 that the navy held night test landings on carriers for the first time. In those days, landings were made blind and Mr. Ohashi made the first successful night landing, piloting a navy fighter. I believe he received a gold goblet from the Emperor for this feat. He had nerves like steel and his flying skill was unbelievable. He excelled in acrobatics. I tried to imitate his stunts several times, but never could."

Captain Ohashi was a man who valued human life despite the personal risks he willingly took. At a time when it was considered "good form" for naval officers to accept a life expectancy as long—or as short—as the flowering of cherry blossoms, Captain Ohashi was an exception.

He was nicknamed "Cautious Ohashi" by his subordinates, for although he took many risks he never had an accident. He was a daring man but never reckless.

He had a gentle nature which, allied with his brilliance as a pilot, won him the respect and affection of all except the glory-seeking few, mostly his superiors in rank.

As war approached, Captain Ohashi watched his fellow pilots take off on daily training flights, trying to hide the envy in his heart, for he had been grounded as an instructor.

Captain Ohashi remained an instructor for the duration of the war. It was towards the end that he was appointed commander of the Kashima Naval Air Force Unit, a training school for the Special Attack Corps, better known as the *Kamikaze Corps*.

It was a cynical fate which put him in the position of having not only to encourage but also order subordinates to carry out suicidal tactics after having spent so many years teaching caution and respect for human life. Often he wished that he himself could die in place of the young men he was "killing."

"At sea," he said, "the captain of a ship can see to the safety of his men before going down himself with his ship. All I can do is send my men off with a prayer. It is agony to have to watch them go and remain behind."

Captain Ohashi's superiors planned to promote him to the rank of rear-admiral, a prospect that filled him with gloom, for it meant an end to his flying days. However, 20 days before his promotion was due, the war ended.

When this day came, Captain Ohashi felt as though his heart was one gaping wound. Almost without exception, the youths, mostly minors, he had trained and watched disappear over the horizon in rickety planes, had never returned. Many

of his old friends had also lost their lives. He wished he could have been of their number. But he could not think of death until he had done his duty to the living.

For many a heart-breaking month, Captain Ohashi visited the families of the boys he had sent out to die. He tried to comfort parents, widows and kin by finding and bringing to them each memento, every last possession, no matter how small, that he could find.

When there were no mementos, no possessions, he wrote letters to the families and on anniversaries of death he sent letters adorned with flower sketches, for he himself loved flowers.

During these months of anguish, fulfilling what he believed to be his ultimate duty, he lived in a state of nihilism, hoping that death would claim him also.

But others, closer to him than his lost boys, linked him to the living. His wife, En, and four children needed to be clothed and fed and although there was no civilian job for which he had been trained, Captain Ohashi believed that the most dishonorable act of all would be to abandon those who needed him the most.

He became a salesman of life insurance. But a superb pilot and brilliant officer is not necessarily a superb salesman. He lost the job, then another and another. Finally, in 1950, he was offered the post of a warehouse watchman. He accepted it with humility and thankfulness for the small but steady salary it would bring in. Pride is a luxury that few but the rich can afford.

The old man returned from his reverie and looked at his watch. His night duty had ended over an hour back. He put the hose away and prepared to leave for home. Forcing a smile, he encouraged his bone-

weary, haggard fellow workers, "Chins up!" as cheerfully as possible.

At home in Kawasaki City, his wife, En, waited for him with a hot breakfast ready, but after greeting her, he waved her aside almost absent-mindedly, seemingly lost in thought.

After a while he looked at her and said: "Would you mind going over to our daughter's place to fetch the petition I wrote for a revision of navy pensions? You haven't seen her for a long while," he added, "so take your time about it and enjoy your visit."

Before leaving, Mrs. Ohashi laid down her husband's bedding for she knew he had not rested since the fire. After begging him to get some rest, she left cheerfully, promising to be back by 3 p.m.

After the old man had seen his wife off, he locked the house and went into the small room next to the hallway. It was a room full of happy memories of family life.

In the quiet hours after work, his wife had been wont to play the *koto* (Japanese harp) and he delighted in accompanying her on the *shakuhachi* (bamboo flute). There is an old Chinese saying "*kinshitsu aiwasu*" (*koto* and *shakuhachi* harmony) meaning the harmonious rapport existing between husband and wife who understand each other. It applied to them perfectly.

He remembered too the happy evenings of more than 20 years back when his young subordinate officers, flushed with *sake*, had sung folk songs and danced with a long ruler borrowed from his wife. He could still see them, brandishing the ruler like a sword, clumsily but oh so gaily mimicking the solemn sword dance.

His eyes misted over. All those happy youngsters he had loved as his own had

left this world some twenty years back. Despite the sad and somber memories, his heart was with the navy still. He loved the service and had served it proudly.

He had loved the flying most. Up in a cloudless sky, in a primitive fighter plane, he had felt free and unfettered, free from discipline and free from the daily nagging worries of an uncertain world. He knew that all pilots have this sensation of complete liberty alone with their planes, lost in the firmament, and because of this he had always felt a bond stronger than friendship, one almost of love, for all pilots—his own young officers, his colleagues and even those who had been the enemy.

Now with a sigh, his thoughts turned to unpleasant things, such as the police interrogation of the following day. His company's directors had been indicted by the Procurator's Office and it was certain that he would be asked to give evidence against them.

"What dishonor," he thought, "to have to betray my company."

He was angry with the management which he knew had acted negligently. He knew they were to blame yet he, who had been a mere lowly watchman in their employ, could not bring himself to speak against them.

"I should have died in 1939," he thought. "Only bad luck has kept me alive and brought me to this day."

In 1939 he had been Commander Ohashi and a staff officer. On a flight from Kyushu to Kasumigaura, his plane, piloted by a young officer, had developed engine trouble and crashed into a paddy field. The pilot had been killed instantly and Commander Ohashi critically injured. By

the time the rescuers got to him he had lost an almost fatal amount of blood.

But Ohashi's men would not let him die. They gave their blood, as much and more than was needed. They would have given every drop to save him. "I should have died then," thought the old man, "they shouldn't have saved me."

He had come to the end of his reverie. Wearily, he gathered himself up and went to his study. Taking up a brush, he wrote several letters in a steady hand.

To his wife he wrote: "Thank you for taking care of me for so long. Enjoy a pleasant old age with the loving aid of the children."

His two sons were old enough now to adequately support their mother. The eldest, Takero, had followed in his father's footsteps and was a pilot in the Air Self-Defense Force while the younger was a sports loving student in his second year at Keio University.

Then, in a letter to his company he wrote: "I am ashamed for not having taken the immediate emergency measures that

the person on duty should have taken during the recent disaster. I apologize with my life."

It is difficult to understand why he wrote this message for he was totally without blame in the tragedy. But the samurai of by-gone days had often saved others from dishonor by bearing the responsibility for things they had not done. He had followed the code.

When Mrs. Ohashi, strangely worried, returned home with food and wine for the evening meal, she tiptoed in through the back door. She hoped her husband had at last rested. He had been so weary since the disaster. She glanced into the bedroom and was astonished to see the bedding had not been used.

She found him lying on a sheet of plastic vinyl which he had laid down to protect the *tatami* (straw matting). The knife lay at his side. There was a faint smile on his face—the smile she recognized as the one he wore in happy anticipation when visiting a friend he had not seen for a long long time.



Japan is a land of contrasts where old people remain traditional and the young eagerly adopt Western ways.

The Twenty-Year-Olds and Modern Life

The modernization of a country—industrial progress, urban development, and general cultural changes—obviously has an impact on people. How much impact is unclear, although by comparing the differences in attitudes and values held by the older and younger generations, some insight may be gained. What has been the effect of Japan's modernization on its young people? What results from the conflict of tradition and change? What conventions of the older generation are desirable or even possible for the younger generation to accept? The following excerpts from an article on the young people of Japan by George Packard may be helpful in answering such questions.

"Today's young people are soft," grumbled an elderly parent. "They have never known war or hardship of any kind." "They are loud, rude and violent, and have no self-discipline whatsoever," said an Osaka businessman.

"They lack ambition, character and drive," was the opinion of a retired Admiral. "I don't think they would fight for their country even if we were attacked from outside."

What kind of people are these new Japanese and how right are these criticisms? The answer is that the current crop of 20-year-olds represents the greatest leap from the past ever taken by a country whose history over the last century is the story of mighty leaps and wrenching

strides from feudalism to modernization. No Japanese over 25 has been through experiences comparable to today's younger generation.

Even in an optimum job market, however, success for the so-called "Fourth Generation" of Japan's present society—the first three are those who were educated in the prewar, wartime, and the immediate postwar period—rests to a great degree on the grueling, bruising, fiercely competitive business of getting to the top of the educational pyramid. The struggle through the "exam hell" from high school to college takes a heavy psychological toll, and probably contributes to the fact that Japan's suicide rate for the 15-19 age group is the highest in the world. This

[†] George R. Packard, "They Were Born When the Bomb Dropped," *The New York Times Magazine* (August 29, 1965).

year about a third of the high school graduates tried for college but only one out of five made the grade. Next year the struggle will be even stiffer, when the postwar population bulge reaches college age. Despair and radicalism have been common characteristics of postwar students whose ambitions (or parents' ambitions) have outrun their luck and talents.

The most distinctive experience for Japanese 25 and under is that they have gotten all their education under a system that is several light years ahead of that of their parents and different even from that of the 26- to 40-year-olds who had to change systems in midstream. From kindergarten they have been taught to think for themselves without "moral guidance," to speak out boldly, to argue with their elders, to recognize the Emperor as a mortal, and, despite the hierarchal nature of Japanese society, to regard all humans as equal.

And there is one more obvious distinction: the young Japanese are bigger and healthier than ever before. Twenty-year-old boys today are close to an inch and a half taller, and six pounds heavier than the 20-year-olds in 1950. Girls are leggier and chestier than ever before. This generation has had to squeeze itself awkwardly into the schoolroom desks that were roomy and comfortable for students a decade ago. Little old ladies in kimonos stop in the streets and stare unbelievably at the size and shape of the future.

It is not surprising that the 20-year-old has trouble communicating with his parents and even with his older brothers. In character and outlook he is a new breed, and yet—remarkably—he is closer in some ways to the prewar generation than to the

middle-age Japanese who has been jolted and bent by change. Free of the psychological burdens of the nation's defeat and confident of the future, he startles his elders with his brusque, direct manners.

"When I invited a young man from a good family to my home the other day," said Miss Shio Sakanishi, an elderly author and critic, "I offered him a choice of either ice cream or cake. The prewar Japanese would almost certainly have replied, 'Either one would be fine,' but this fellow answered 'Both.' And when it turned out I was out of ice cream, he said quite politely but firmly, 'Why didn't you say so in the first place?'"

"I don't think we are any worse than our parents," said Tomio Yamada, 21, a junior at Waseda University. "We act according to our true feelings and they are always trying to figure how their actions will be taken by others." It is clear that the young are less tangled up in what Ruth Benedict called "the web of personal relations." Humor and spontaneity are eating away at the old concepts of "face," rigid loyalty and the careful calculation of social debts.

Disrespect for the older generation and a corresponding reluctance by older Japanese to interfere with the young sometimes goes to ludicrous extremes. At Shizuoka University last January students boycotted classes to press their demand for an extra cook in the dormitory. When a faculty committee announced punishments for the boycott leaders, including four expulsions, the students promptly locked 21 of the professors in a conference room for 18 hours. The professors finally agreed to "negotiate" and in the end, no one was expelled.

In May of this year, students at Nagasaki University who were demanding that the new Student Union Building be operated by themselves, not the university, locked the president and 30 members of his advisory committee in a room for 13 hours, until riot police finally came to their rescue. The students in both cases were acting in the name of "democracy" and the old, particularly the educators, are willing to go to extreme lengths to avoid being labeled "reactionary" by the young.

The new generation lives and breathes democracy, and what is even a surer tribute, they don't talk about it much. They differ among themselves over how it applies to specific cases, but no one questions the basic assumptions. As one political reporter put it, "If there is any threat to democracy in Japan, it will come from their apathy in assuming it too easily."

Other attitudes are shifting, too. During the late nineteen-fifties, the *après-guerre* generation called itself "dry." To be dry was to be unsentimental, fashionable, scientific, direct, uncommitted, uninvolved, unheroic, irreverent, never obsequious, always cool.

But now there are hints of change. Publishers of popular history books who are struggling to get in on the current "history boom" report that young men in their twenties are by far their best customers. Among 20-year-old girls, the Imperial Family, which used to be "wet," is now increasingly popular—particularly Princess Michiko, the tennis-playing commoner who married the future Emperor, and the charming doll-like Princess Hanako, who married the Emperor's youngest son last fall.

It has been said that the new generation has no heroes, and this may be true, but the figures they admire most represent an interesting blend of idealism and practical action. A nationwide poll of middle- and high-school students last year showed that the most popular figures were, in order: John Kennedy, Schweitzer, Lincoln, Dr. Hideyo Noguchi (bacteriologist who devoted his life to medical research), Helen Keller, Yukichi Fukuzawa (founder of Keio University), Florence Nightingale, Konosuke Matsushita (industrialist, self-made millionaire), Mme. Curie, and Dr. Hideki Yukawa (Nobel Prize physicist). There is just enough humanitarianism in these choices to make one wonder if the young are as dry and uncommitted as they like to claim. It is notable that living Japanese stood no higher than eighth and tenth on the list.

One old and formerly wet custom, the arranged marriage, is holding its own despite the flurry of "love marriages" after the war. Kazuo Morita, a 22-year-old student from Sendai, plans to let his parents make the arrangements. "Both my older brothers, now 30 and 28, ran off with their girl friends against my parents' wishes. There has been nothing but trouble since, and one of them is divorced now. Of course, if I don't like the girl my parents choose for me, I'll say so and wait for them to pick out someone I like." This kind of adaptation of the old custom with the new spirit is typical of the Fourth Generation.

The average age of marriage today is 27.3 for men and 24.5 for girls, almost two years older than the average age in 1950. Divorces have decreased lately, and the rate has now settled around 0.72 per

1,000 of population, almost exactly the same as in 1935 (0.7), and much lower than the American rate.

Postwar student radicalism, based on deep frustration, was a reaction to the older generation, the broken economy and the shattered value system; even today in the midst of a booming economy, the old attitudes persist to some extent. Students still tend to be highly idealistic and theoretical, to feel that all the evils in society can be swept away overnight, that politics is a dirty business, and that they themselves are an *élite* with a special mission to lead the reform. The Marxist panaceas have strong roots among the intellectuals and still carry weight in the universities.

But there are unmistakable signs that Marxism has had its heyday in Japan and that the Fourth Generation is far more interested in pragmatic solutions to current problems than in abstract theory. It is too early to weigh the exact extent and meaning of the change, but it is clear that the student who entered college after the 1960 riots is very different from his predecessor. Even the minority who join the demonstrations today seem to do so less out of leftist political conviction, and more because they oppose anything—nuclear submarines, war in Vietnam, nuclear testing—which seems even remotely to threaten the good life that is within their grasp.

The Japanese are hurling themselves with a passion, and for the first time in history, into the pleasures of high mass consumption. The big difference is that the old are still suspicious—almost guilty—about the new prosperity, while the 20-year-olds have never known another way

of life. Opinion polls have shown that the Fourth Generation not only does not feel guilty about the new leisure; an overwhelming majority of them feel that it is a necessity of life. This is perhaps the greatest break with the prewar generation, whose lives revolved by necessity around their work and for whom diligence was the highest virtue.

With the new levels of consumption, it was inevitable that the young would adopt new ambitions and goals. The postwar generation used to complain bitterly that Japan was “an old man’s country,” that there should be promotion based on talent and not just seniority. But the 20-year-old today seems less frustrated, less impatient, more prepared to wait his turn. “They are so involved in installment buying that they don’t really seek positions of responsibility. They are totally absorbed in middle-class pursuits and their highest ambition is to own a car,” snorted one old Marxist professor. The dean of students at a large university put it more charitably: “The young people have the same amount of energy and determination as our generation, but they are pursuing dreams that are attainable, while our dreams were more illusive.”

Whatever the judgment—and the young don’t really care—the new generation holds high and rising expectations for the future. A survey of people in their twenties in July last year revealed that over half expected to live in homes of 700 to 1,100 square feet (the national average in 1960 was 356 square feet); that three out of four expected to live in mixed Japanese and Western style homes (meaning shoes off, a modern American kitchen and dining area, a flush toilet, chairs, and a *tatami*—

floor-matting—bedroom). Over half said they either owned or expected to own, as a *minimum*, the following items: a radio, sewing machine, TV, washing machine, refrigerator, and vacuum cleaner; 4 out of 10 went on to add a piano and a car.

Two years ago the term *reja bumu* (leisure boom) was the rage in Tokyo. Today the frantic pursuit of leisure is an accepted way of life. Even the young blue-collar workers are sharing in the fun. In the new prosperity, almost any Japanese can afford to go hiking, to travel, or to go to the movies, and there is scarcely a man in the country who doesn't have a favorite little bar. For those who prefer to stay home, TV (eight out of ten homes have sets) offers a wide variety of news, entertainment and sports.

There is nothing soft or decadent about the way the young approach their leisure interests, particularly sports. They climb the highest peaks of the Himalayas, swim the longest channel and walk across whole continents. Anyone who has watched them on the ski slopes (and has lived to tell about it) can attest to the abandon with which the beginners speed down the slopes and, unable to stop or turn, roar through the open doorways of toll houses below, cheerfully riding the stretcher-filled trains back to Ueno. During "Golden Week," a holiday-filled week at the beginning of May this year, 56 lives were lost in mountain-climbing accidents. Things were so bad that one Tokyo tent salesman recently built a 66-foot climbing wall outside his store—with a net underneath—to give practice to beginning Alpinists.

Prosperity, along with increasing urbanization, has led to an alarming rise in the crime rate of the young. Between 1953 and 1963 the number of offenders under age

20 more than tripled; the crime rate for juveniles began to exceed that of the adult population in 1956-57 and is now more than 50 per cent higher.

"Back in 1929," recalls Superintendent Okano, head of the Youth Bureau of the Tokyo Metropolitan Police, "there were five men assigned to this bureau. Today there are 212. And the frightening thing is that the crimes are tending more and more toward violence—rape, murder, assault—and arson, and the average age of the offenders is getting younger."

One changing social aspect that really frightens parents is the new attitude toward sex. Holding hands in public was forbidden before the war, but on any summer evening these days amorous couples are vanishing behind bushes in Tokyo's Hibiya Park faster than the police can flush them out. A recent poll of Tokyo girls showed that chastity until marriage is still a prized virtue for 67 per cent but other statistics from the Health and Welfare Ministry showed that 52.3 per cent of women in the 20-to-24 age bracket ended their first pregnancies by abortion (which is legal). This compares with 31.5 per cent for the same age group five years ago.

As for the atomic bomb, young Japanese are probably less concerned with Hiroshima than are young Americans. If asked, they will tell you that the bombing was a terrible tragedy, that it should not have been used against the Japanese people, but that it is history now. Those who are anti-American have reasons other than the bomb for their feelings, and America, by all opinion polls, is still the most popular foreign country with all age groups.

But within these generalizations are

complex emotions. They are summed up in the words of Minoru Takemoto, a 20-year-old junior at Hiroshima University. "The bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were inhuman acts, but then all wars are inhuman and there is no sense in dwelling on the past. But to be very frank, it appears to us sometimes that you Americans don't place much value on human life, especially when it comes to Asians. My friends and I are more concerned about the bombing in Vietnam than Hiroshima. Why can't you let the Vietnamese people be Communists if that's what they want?"

One can wonder if the aspirations of this dynamic and restless generation will always be satisfied by hi-fi sets and sports cars, particularly when it finds itself leading the most economically powerful nation in Asia. The 20-year-olds today may lack the dreams that excite men to noble action, but they have shown that they can be stirred.

One figure who has moved them recently is Hirobumi Daimatsu, the man who by sweat and tears and fierce training drove the Japanese girls' volleyball team to an Olympic Gold Medal. Daimatsu is now the author of a best-seller, "Where There's a Will There's a Way," and it is tremendously popular with the young.

Another person who has captured their imagination is Kenichi Horie, who three years ago sailed alone across the Pacific in a 19-foot sailboat at the age of 23. He still gets letters from high school students all over Japan asking for personal advice, and he answers each one.

Talking quietly and confidently over lunch the other day, Horie said, "We are accused of being soft and of having no

purpose in life because we haven't been through a war, and I know what they mean: war is terrible but it does build character. I am not pessimistic about our generation, though, and I think the older people are wrong about us. I advise young people to look within themselves and decide on some goal. For me that was sailing across the Pacific. For others it is climbing a mountain. The main thing is to find the goal inside yourself; nobody else can tell you what it should be. I tell them that hardships are good for them. And the bigger their goal, the less they will notice the hardships."

It was a warm day in April, and when lunch was over and Horie was getting ready to leave, he casually asked the writer if he had been to see the cherry blossoms yet.

No. Had Horie?

"I have never been cherry blossom viewing in my whole life."



Japanese university students frequently conduct political demonstrations.

The Younger Generation in Conflict

Throughout the history of the world, there have always been those who have tested and broken the rules of their societies. An interesting question is whether or not the modernization of a country increases the tendency to violate the regulations and laws of that country. The following selection describes a juvenile courtroom scene in Tokyo. How might the modernization of Japan directly or indirectly have affected the three young offenders?

I talked with Judge Morita before the proceedings opened in an office lined with maps showing the areas where delinquency is particularly bad. All the stations in Tokyo are surrounded by ominous black dots, as well as the Ginza shopping area where touts, pimps and prostitutes approach foreigners.

The gangster system thrives, and many hoodlums depend on children to do their dirty work. Recently a highly organized gang system was found in a high school in direct link with adult criminal groups. One of the probation officers shakes his head when I point out that we share the same kinds of problems. 'Ours have a peculiarly Japanese twist,' he says. 'Our gangsters use methods involving a strict code of behaviour which stresses duty, honour, loyalty among their members. In my opinion this is a form of feudalistic revival, just as the increase in crimes like extortion and

blackmail among adults is part of an old feudalistic pattern. The younger generation responds to the discipline imposed by the gang leaders. It is a kind of discipline they do not find at home or at school where the traditional fount of authority has broken down in the name of democracy. Our youngsters need discipline, they want a firm lead. They also crave excitement—they find both these desires satisfied by working for adult gangsters.'

'There is a decline in the moral quality of the Japanese way of life as a whole,' added another probation officer. 'It affects even traditional pastimes. Take *karate*, for instance, a science which teaches how to deal lethal blows with the hand. (Aspirants practise on tiles, logs, etc.) This art, once widely practised in self-defence, is being misused. The *karate* clubs of our universities are coming into the news because of this. In a recent instance a *karate* student

† Nina Epton, *Seaweed for Breakfast* (London: Cassell and Co. Ltd., 1963).

engaged in a brawl with two labourers in a bar and hit one of them. The man died thirty hours later with, according to a medical report, severed intestines. At schools, freshmen have been roughly handled for trifling reasons. Not long ago an American teacher at Rikkyo University was killed by a drunken student who had a smattering of *karate*.'

It was time to open the court, and we passed next door. I sat at a little table by the window with my interpreter. Three or four chairs had been placed in front of the judge's table. The judge was in everyday clothes and the proceedings were informal, more like a family council presided over by an impartial but well-meaning outsider.

The first boy came in with his father. He was a tall, flabby youngster in tight-fitting jeans and a hip-length sweater with a hair-style current among the beatniks. He looked pale and anxious and he never once took his eyes off the judge. He had a weak face with a round chin and looked adenoidal. His father was a short, brown, tough little man with a slightly dazed countenanced air who seemed incapable of handling his lanky town-bred son. His son had stolen a watch and other valuables from his colleagues in a factory where he had worked for a time; he was lazy and always being reprimanded for arriving late. There were four younger children in the family; the mother was out at work all day. The father was temporarily unemployed, but he had refunded the value of the stolen watch. It seemed that the boy quarrelled with his mother and was always asking for pocket-money. When his mother refused, he stole the watch. The only positive feature about him was that he had been a

champion runner; the judge made as much of this as he could. He told the boy, gently but firmly, that life was like a race for which one must train and work and observe rules.

The boy's eyes reddened and he swallowed hard. The father sat with lowered eyes. The probation officer said that the factory manager had agreed to take the boy back provided he made an effort to work harder and be honest. The judge nodded, told the boy that in future he was not to leave home at night without his parents' permission and that he was to visit the probation officer regularly twice a month. He entreated him to work and not to quarrel with his parents whose life was already hard enough. The boy nodded vigorously and in a low voice promised to amend.

The second boy was sixteen and a *pachinko* parlour assistant. (This pin ball game, a post-war development, is the most popular form of gambling in Japan. It hypnotizes thousands of devotees in every city, like a drug.) The boy had donned his school jacket which may have been a significant gesture because while he was at school he lived at home in the country with his mother, who had pampered him. His aunt and elder brother accompanied him to the court, since the mother now works in a sanatorium, and lives too far away. The *pachinko* boy looked like a 'little boy lost', attracted by the big city, unstable, constantly moving from one job to another and stealing in between. When he was out of work he frequented cheap cafes where he often fell asleep. His aunt looked very respectable in her dark grey kimono and black lace three-quarter length jacket — too respectable to want to look after her

wayward nephew. The elder brother, to whose care the judge confided the boy, was a jaunty, self-reliant fellow; he did not appear to have much time for the black sheep of the family.

The third boy was a nineteen-year-old *dafuya*. This is the name given to the youths who sell cinema and theatre tickets outside the doors when the house is said to be full. I have never quite understood how this system works, although it is widely practised in several western countries. The *dafuya* said he did not make any money out of his trade because he worked for an 'employer' who merely provided him with food and lodging in return for his work. He lived in a dormitory with other *dafuyas* and he had stolen in order to get some pocket money. He was alone in Tokyo. His father was dead, his mother lived in the country. His elder brother was a taxi-driver in Tokyo but he never saw him. It was not the first time that he had been in trouble—he had previously been sent to a training centre from which he had run away.

'What would *you* do with him?' asked the judge smilingly when the boy had been sent out and the judge and the probation officers held a consultation. The probation officer wanted to send him to another training school. Since I had been asked, I volunteered the opinion that he would probably run away again. Wasn't there some private family who would take the boy in and keep an eye on him? He looked desperately lonely, but the probation officer preferred to have him submitted once more to the discipline of an institution.

And so it went on, the long procession of youths, most of them weak-looking, gangly and faintly scruffy. some pale, some

flushed, nearly all of them from homes in which the tight traditional pattern had broken down, boys without the character and stamina to work and fend for themselves.



A twenty-year-old in his black leather suit and gloves pauses for a short while on a Tokyo street.

The Talisman

What happens to the personality of the individual who lives and works in the modern, industrial, urban setting? Now that the modernization of Japan is taking place at an ever-increasing rate, what may be the advantages and disadvantages? Masao Yamakawa, one of Japan's fine young writers, dramatically illustrates the possible effects of modernization on the human being in a most imaginative short story.

"I don't suppose you need any dynamite?"

This was the question my friend Sekiguchi asked me. I had not seen him in four or five years. We had run into each other on the Ginza, and were drinking in an upstairs room of a small restaurant.

I had been with Sekiguchi through high school. He was now working for a construction company. It was not strange that he should have access to dynamite; but the question, however peculiar an old friend he might be, was a little sudden.

"I don't know what I'd use it for."

"I have it right here if you want it."

It would be a joke, of course. I smiled and poured a new drink for him. "It would blow up right in my hands. And what is the point in carrying dynamite around with you?"

This was the story Sekiguchi told me.

My wife and I live alone in an apartment house. I put my name on the list two years ago, and got married last spring, before I

had a decent place to live. And then last fall I got one of the apartments. I couldn't have been happier.

Everything seemed new and fresh—the grass that hadn't taken to the ground, the beanpoles of cherry trees. Before that we had been with my family, a big family at that. We had had only one room, and we wanted a place where we could lock other people out. Well, now we had a room with a lock. You can imagine what it meant to us.

We had it, a place of our own. But I had not been there six months before I began feeling uncertain and irritated. I felt somehow that I was disappearing. No one's fault—call it some sort of neurosis. I can't say it was his fault either, I suppose. But I can say that Kurose made things start going this way for me.

It was late one night. I had been to a party. There were no more buses, and I took a taxi and got off at the main gate. I hoped that by the time I got to my wing of

† Masao Yamakawa, "The Talisman," *Life* (September 11, 1964).

the building the night wind might sober me up.

There was a man in front of me. I had the feeling that I was looking at myself from behind. He had on the same felt hat, and he had the same package in his left hand. You could tell by his walk that he had been drinking too. It was a foggy night, and I wondered if I might be seeing my own shadow.

But it was no shadow. He walked on, the image of me, I thought—and he went into Wing E, where I lived. He went up the stairs I always go up.

It was a big complex, I grant that; but I knew at least the people who went up and down the stairs I used. And I did not know him. He went up as if they were the stairs he knew best in the world. He came to the third floor and knocked on the door to the right.

It was my apartment. And then I was even more startled. The door opened and he was taken in, like any tired husband home from work.

I thought my wife must have a lover. That was it. I climbed the stairs quietly. I put my ear to the door.

The way I felt—how can I describe it to you? I was wrong. He was not her lover. He was I myself.

No, wait. I'm not crazy. But I thought I was. I could hear her saying "Jirô, Jirô," and laughing and telling me what my sister had said when she had come calling that day. And I could hear my own tired voice in between. She was off in the kitchen getting something to eat, and "I" seemed to be reading the newspaper. I did not know what to think. There was another "I," that was clear. And who, then, was this I, standing foolishly in the hall? Which was

"I" and which was I? Where should I go?

I had thought that I was sober, but I'm afraid I was still drunk. The confidence that I was I had left me. It did not occur to me that the man in the room was a false "I," a mistake. I opened the door only because I could think of nothing else to do with the I that was myself.

"Who's there?" she said.

"I," I finally answered.

It was quite a scene. My wife came screaming out. She looked at the other "I," and screamed again, and threw herself on me. Her lips were moving and she began to cry. The other "I" came out. His face was white.

His name was Kurose Jirô.

Sekiguchi fell silent, a thoughtful expression on his face. He poured himself a cup of sake.

"Another you," I laughed. "A fine *Doppelgänger*."

He glanced up at me, but seemed to pay no attention to my words. Unsmiling, he went on with his story.

Kurose was all apologies. When he handed me his name card I saw what the mistake had been. I lived in E-305, he in D-305. He had come into the wrong wing and gone up to my apartment.

My sister is named Kuniko. He was a civil engineer, and he had a cousin named Kuniko. His name was Jirô, so is mine. He lived alone with his wife. The coincidence was complete.

"I did think she seemed a little young. I've been married four years, after all," he said as he left. He said it as if he meant to flatter, but I was not up to being pleased. It weighed on my mind, the fact that until I opened the door neither of them had noticed the mistake.

"But I went off to the kitchen, and he sprawled out with the newspaper the way you always do. It didn't even occur to me that it wouldn't be you."

I reprimanded her, and she looked timidly around the room.

"Not just the room. They must be exactly like us themselves. You saw how he thought I was his wife. It scares me."

I was about to speak, but I did not. To mistake a person or a room—that made no difference. It happened all the time. What bothered me was that Kurose had mistaken our life for his own.

Kurose had been mistaken for me by my own wife. And were they as alike as all that. These apartment-house homecomings?

I knew of course that all the apartments were the same. But I asked myself: had our very ways of life become standardized?

You know what apartment-house life is like. It does have a terrible uniformity about it. The qualifications for getting in, and the need to get in—they mean that the standard of living is all on the same general level. All of us are even about the same age. But it seemed to me that the uniformity had gone beyond externals. It had gone to the very heart of things.

Take for instance when I have a quarrel with my wife. The wind always brings the same kind of quarrel in through the window from another apartment. It all seems so foolish that we stop fighting. So far so good; but then you come to realize that the people in the other apartments have their quarrels on this and this day of the month at this and this time of the day, and you are no exception yourself; and—this may seem a strange way to put it—the sacredness of quarreling disappears. A quarrel comes to be no more than a peri-

odic outburst of hysteria. Think about it. It's not very exciting.

You go to the toilet, and over your head you hear someone pulling the chain and the toilet upstairs flushes. The same thing day after day. I hadn't paid too much attention, but it began to weigh on me.

I began to wonder whether identical surroundings and identical routines were bringing us to identical emotions and identical outlets for them. And if so we were like all those toy soldiers lined up on a department-store counter. Like standardized puppets.

Where was there something that was mine? No one else's but mine? In this mass of people who so resembled one another, I was no more than one bean spread out to dry with the rest. I could not even identify myself among them all.

My wife said something that did not help matters. We were in bed.

"It's very strange. I go off to the toilet, and I hear water running up above and down below. We all do exactly the same thing."

I pulled away from her. We men of the apartment house proceeded every night, as if upon a signal, to go through the same motions.

And so I began to lose interest in them too. Each time my wife would whisper something to me, it would seem to me as if all through the building wives were whispering. I would hear a gale of whispers in the darkness and I would find myself frowning.

We may think we have something of our own. But we only have standardized days with standardized reactions.

It seemed intolerable. I was not a puppet!

Could I put much importance on my life when I could no longer be sure that I was myself and no one else? Could I love my wife? Believe I was loved by her?

I started to laugh, but did not. Sekiguchi was gazing earnestly at me.

Presently a faint smile came over his face.

He had always been a man, I remembered, who placed a high value on a smile.

"It's a very serious story," he said.

Kurose became for me the representative of all those numberless white-collar workers, all the apartment-house husbands, the toy soldiers, exactly like myself. The representative of all those numberless people who were "I."

You will have guessed that after that foggy night I did not want to speak to the man. We were too much alike, and it would seem that, as he clutched his briefcase to his chest, he was avoiding me too. He always seemed to be scurrying off.

He had become a scapegoat for all those standardized toy soldiers—I hated them through him. I rejected all those standardized articles that were "I."

I resented him. He was not I. I was not one of them, those office workers so much like myself. I was *I*, I was most definitely not he. But where was the difference? Where was there positive evidence to establish the difference?

I was not a random spot. I was I, a particular person with the name Sekiguchi Jirô, someone not to be substituted for another, whoever he might be. So I said over and over to myself.

And yet where were the grounds for distinguishing me from them? Was there more than my name? A name is only a tag. Aside from my name, where was the

evidence that I was not a random apartment-house dweller?

I had to build it—my independence, my individuality. I had to find something to distinguish me from those numberless ones who were Kurose Jirô.

A couple of weeks ago I found it. A charm. I've kept it secret from my wife. The problem is my own private one.

This is my charm.

Sekiguchi opened the heavy leather briefcase behind him and took out a bundle just small enough to hold in one hand. It was elaborately tied up in oil paper.

"Dynamite. The real thing."

With great dexterity he undid the knots, and for the first time in my life I saw dynamite, the real thing. There were four iron tubes perhaps eight inches long, bound tightly in wire, heavy for their size.

"This is my charm—my talisman," said Sekiguchi. "We talk and talk, but we can't get away from the uniformity. But when I am of a mind to I can blow all of them up and myself too. This is what I came on. The secret that keeps me going. My uniqueness."

I handed the tubes back, and Sekiguchi turned a caressing gaze on their dark luster.

"I don't think I need any dynamite, thank you."

"Oh? That's too bad. I don't need it any more myself. I'm going to have to hunt up another charm."

"I don't know whether you're being funny or not, but it's dangerous. . . ."

Sekiguchi raised a hand to silence me. "Make no mistake," he laughed. "You're a very lucky person. I don't need it any more, because it's not my uniqueness any

more.” He paused. “Did you hear the news on the radio this evening?”

“No.”

He smiled a wry smile. “There was a dynamite explosion on a bus. Three people were killed on the spot. The others got by with cuts and burns. It was near my apartment house.”

“How did it happen?” I felt the effects of the sake leave me.

Sekiguchi did not look at me. Slowly and deliberately he put the bundle away.

“He always did carry his briefcase around like the most important thing in his life. And he avoided me. He must have resented me as much as I resented him. He needed a charm too.”

“Oh?”

Sekiguchi stretched out on the matting. His voice rose in a sort of lament. “They said it over the radio. The police think the dynamite was in a briefcase of one of the three people killed. An engineer named Kurose Jirô.”



The adverse effects of modernization are manifest in sprawling housing projects built on the outskirts of overpopulated cities.

Conclusions

1. What specific evidence is there to indicate that Japan has become a modernized nation?
2. What are the problems and promises of modernization in Japan?
3. What has been the impact of modernization on the Japanese society and the individual?
4. Compare the effects of modernization in Japan and in the United States.

Suggested Readings

Epton, Nina. *Seaweed for Breakfast*, London: Cassell and Co. Ltd., 1963. This book is a collection of very informal, tourist-like impressions about modern Japan. It is quite readable and provides occasional glimpses of everyday life in urban Japan which are rarely described.

Klein, William. *Tokyo*, New York: Crown Publishers Inc., 1964. This book is made up of a collection of black-and-white photographs depicting the non-tourist view of Tokyo. There is no accompanying text, which seems appropriate, as the revealing photographs say much about modern life by themselves.

Morris, Ivan. *Modern Japanese Stories*, Rutland, Vt.: Charles E. Tuttle Company, 1965. This anthology contains twenty-five short stories by Japanese authors. While these works of fiction, dating from 1910 to the present, were not intended specifically to provide insights into the effects of modernization, many of the stories effectively enable the reader to develop such insights.

Norbeck, Edward. *Changing Japan*, New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1965. This 80-page booklet is a report on the attitudes, values, and living patterns of rural and urban families in modern Japan. Dr. Norbeck presents his perceptive findings and opinions on modern life in Japan in a style which steadfastly holds the reader's attention.

Plath, David W. *The After Hours*, Berkeley: University of California Press, 1964. This book, by a most competent anthropologist, is an entertaining, readable, and rather unique report of sociological and anthropological findings. Dr. Plath is particularly concerned with the values and living patterns which characterize the Japanese search for enjoyment.

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